THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

COLONEL MITCHELL'S GUILT

IN A BARE, GARRET-LIKE ROOM in a ramshackle old red-brick warehouse in Washington, there came to a close on December 17 one of the most remarkable military trials in the history of the United States. The defendant was Col. William Mitchell, of the U. S. Army Air Service, formerly Assistant Chief of the Air Service, with the rank of Brigadier-General, war-time aviator with a string of citations and a breast covered with medals, charged with violating the 96th Article of War, which proscribes actions "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." But the evidence heard during the seven weeks of this unusual court martial dealt as much with the alleged shortcomings of the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy in their attitude toward the Air Service as with the guilt of the defendant. The record of the trial, it is said, consists of 1,400,000 words. At the last Colonel Mitchell, after being denounced by the counsel for the prosecution as a "self-advertising demagog" and likened to Aaron Burr, was found guilty and sentenced "to be suspended from rank, command, and duty, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances, for five years." "The court is thus lenient," the verdict goes on to explain, "because of the military record of the accused during the World War." On hearing the sentence, Colonel Mitchell, we are told, sat motionless for a moment, "a blank look in his eyes." Then exclaiming: "Why these men are all my friends!" he walked up and shook hands with his judges, each of whom took his leave with a hearty "Good-by, Bill" or "Good-by, Billy."

International Newsreel photograph

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

Colonel Mitchell and his wife and baby daughter, photographed the day after his conviction and sentence by a court martial.

The picturesque military career, which will be interrupted if Colonel Mitchell's sentence is approved by President Coolidge and goes into effect, began twenty-seven years ago with his enlistment as a private in the Spanish-American War. He went to Europe as a military observer in 1914 and when we went into the war he immediately joined the French forces at the front, being, according to the statement in his own book, "the first American officer to participate in the attack with the French, as well as the first to cross the German lines in an airplane, and the first to be decorated with a War Cross for duty on the field of battle." With the temporary rank of Brigadier-General, he became Chief of the Air Service of the American Armies participating in the St. Mihiel offensive. After the war he served for four years, with the rank of Brigadier-General, as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. During these years, according to a statement in the New York *Herald Tribune*, he "aroused the ire of the Army General Staff and high officers in the naval establishments when he declared the superiority of the bombing airplanes over the battle-ships during the sinking of the former German warships off Norfolk following the Arms Conference." And again last winter at the hearings before the House of Representative's aircraft committee, Colonel Mitchell "lambasted the present air policy of the Government and advanced the theory of a united air service." When his term was up, President Coolidge refused to reappoint Colonel Mitchell, acting on the recommendation of Secretary of War Weeks, who wrote: "General Mitchell's whole course has been so lawless, so contrary to the building up of an efficient organization, so lacking in team work, so indicative of a desire for publicity at the expense of every one with whom he is associated, that his actions make him unfit for a high administrative position such as he now holds. . . . His record since the war has been such that he has forfeited the good opinion of those who are familiar with the facts and who desire to promote the best interests of national defense." He was then assigned to the position of air officer of the Eighth Army Corps at San Antonio, with his regular Army rank of Colonel The story from this point is thus briefly told by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"The great Navy dirigible *Shenandoah* was destroyed September 3. The flight of the naval plane *PN-9-1* was then supposed

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to have ended in tragic failure. Two days later Mitchell, already demoted for talking too much, undertook to explain these and other disasters in the Army and Navy Air Services.

"'These accidents,' he told the world, 'are a direct result of incompetence, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the War and Navy Departments.'

"That was the accusation which brought Mitchell before a court martial—not a repentant or hesitant figure, but the figure of a man who appeared to think himself the hero of the whole proceeding. He was hailed by thousands as a man of vision and courage, who had bearded a lion and was entitled to keep the trophy."

Colonel Mitchell's trial by Army court martial began on October 28. It was charged that in making the statement of

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'TWAS LOADED

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

September 5 he conducted himself "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline"; that he had been "insubordinate" to the Administration of the War Department and "highly contemptuous and disrespectful" of the administration of both War and Navy Departments, "with intent to discredit the same to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." In a statement made on the final day of the trial, Colonel Mitchell told the court: "My trial before this court martial is the culmination of the efforts of the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy to depreciate the value of air power and keep it in an auxiliary position which absolutely compromises our whole system of national defense." For the prosecution Major A. W. Gullion summed up by asking Colonel Mitchell's dismissal "for the sake of the Army whose discipline he has endangered and whose fair name he has attempted to discredit"; "for the sake of those young officers of the Army Air Service whose ideals he has shattered and whose loyalty he has corrupted"; and "in the name of the American people whose fears he has played upon, whose hysteria he has fomented, and whose confidence he has beguiled, and whose faith he has betrayed." On the same day, December 17, Colonel Mitchell was found guilty.

But after all this dramatic shattering of precedent, editorial observers agree, nothing is settled except the technical fact of Colonel Mitchell's insubordination. The case of Colonel Mitchell versus the General Staff and General Board, instead of being ended, seems to have only begun. But it now moves from the courts to the floor of Congress. According to Representative Frank R. Reid, the Colonel's counsel: "Col. William Mitchell is a 1925 John Brown. They may think they have silenced him, but his ideas will go marching on, and those who crucified him will be the first to put his aviation suggestions into use."

Turning to the press, we find both the champions and the critics of Colonel Mitchell agreeing that technically the verdict of guilty was inevitable. But there are sharp differences of opinion about the justice of the sentence and about the bearing of the case upon the interests of the public. The five years' suspension without pay, it is pointed out, is equivalent to a fine of $50,000. The restrictions placed upon Colonel Mitchell by his sentence are tabulated as follows by a Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"No rights or duties as a military officer.

"Remains subject to military law, but unable to exert any military authority.

"Receives no pay or allowances, altho still retained in the military service, subject to call.

"Can not take any active part in any military service.

"Can travel or reside anywhere in the United States, but must obtain permission of the Secretary of War to travel or reside abroad.

"Can engage in business, but can not hold public office."

In another dispatch to the same paper we read:

"As to the possibility of modifying Mitchell's sentence, it was held in Army circles that some action may be necessary to clear up the airman's status for the next five years. The constitutionality of the sentence was raised in another quarter, where, it was argued, if the punishment is carried out to the letter, the personal welfare of the officer would be vitally affected. To deprive him of pay and allowances for five years and still retain control over him as an integral part of the Army, altho without rank, command or duty, could not be sanctioned, it is claimed."

The New York *World* detects Machiavellian cunning and craft in the sentence of the court martial. We read:

"To have fired Mitchell out of the service would have made a martyr of him, and no doubt a very vocal martyr at that. To have kept him in the service would have given him a chance to resign with a blare of trumpets and become a martyr on his own motion. They avoided both pitfalls. They suspended him for five years, leaving him neither in the Army nor out of it; they take the wind out of his sails if he resigns, and they pose him like a schoolboy in a corner if he doesn't resign."

While the press as a whole upholds the conviction, if not the sentence, of Colonel Mitchell, the great majority of our newspapers take the view that, despite his technical guilt, he has done the country a service by focusing the attention of Congress and the public on the needs of American aviation. Let us hear first, however, those that are not sympathetic toward his activities. "The Colonel has been not only a troublemaker in his profession, but also a loosely grounded and regrettably visionary strategist," says the New York *Herald Tribune*. "He has been fairly tried, justly convicted and leniently sentenced," thinks the Boston *Herald*. "The general view was that he would be cashiered, the eagles cut from his shoulder-straps, and his name struck from the Army Register," remarks the New York *Evening Post*. The New York *Evening World* reminds us that "no military organization can tolerate insubordination and remain much better than a mob." "Mitchell lost the faith of the public because he ignored and defied the obviously necessary rules of the game," remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. As the Chicago *Daily News* sees it, "Colonel Mitchell destroyed his whole case when he admitted on the witness stand that his

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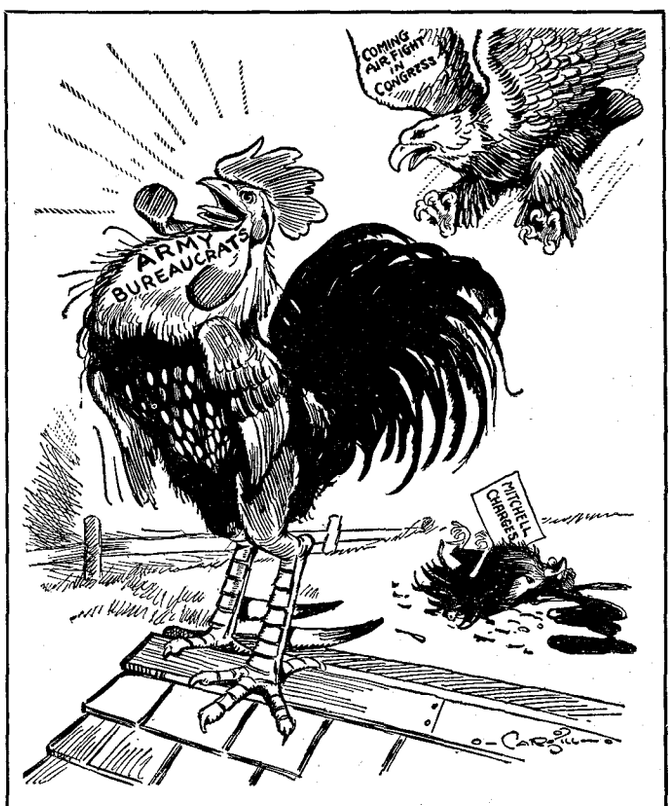
intemperate assaults on the heads of the Army and Navy were merely vehement expressions of personal opinion." "By making unsupported accusations, Colonel Mitchell did a wrong to men who had brilliantly and efficiently served the American people," says the Los Angeles *Times*. And in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* we read:

"Indeed, there appears to have been little, if anything, in the conduct of military aviation to warrant his extravagant charges.

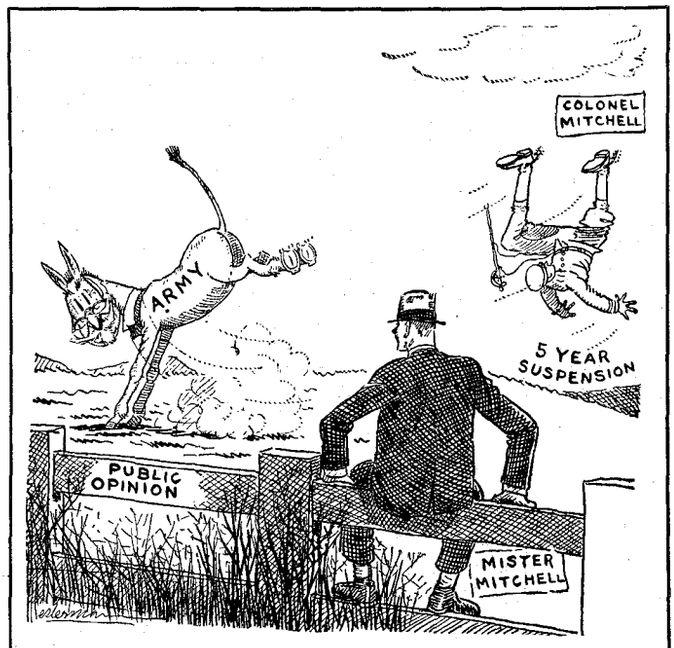
"There have been four official investigations of the aviation situation by as many different bodies. In not one of them is any support given to Colonel Mitchell's charges against the competency and the patriotism of the War and Navy Departments, not one of them indorses the theories of organization which Colonel Mitchell has advocated with such spectacular methods, and not one of them finds that the country is in any danger of an air attack."

But more widely representative of newspaper sentiment toward the case is the remark of the New Haven *Journal-Courier* that "Colonel Mitchell is really a benefactor." "As a result of his trial, improvements in our military air service are sure to be made," says the Boston *Post*, which doubts if he could have accomplished this had he not laid himself open to discipline. "In the public mind the score still stands in favor of Col. William Mitchell," remarks the Pittsburgh *Sun*. "The Mitchell trial will serve the country a good purpose, and the convicted officer will go down in history in honor rather than in dishonor," declares the Atlanta *Constitution*. The case, says the Milwaukee *Journal*, "has revealed the need of a thorough overhauling of our air defenses." "To the public at large Colonel Mitchell seems to have brought out some very startling truths about the condition of the nation's air service," says the St. Louis *Star*. Colonel Mitchell, remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "has accomplished what he sought through paying heavily for it." The Brooklyn *Eagle* warns the Army that it "will make a grave mistake if it believes that the imposition of sentence upon Colonel Mitchell has settled the larger question involved—efficiency in our air defense." "A great deal of what Colonel Mitchell charged had a kernel of truth in it, at the least," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "He is guilty of the charges, but the country thinks



DON'T CROW YET!

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.



NEVER TOUCHED MISTER MITCHELL

—Westerman in the *Ohio State Journal*.

none the less of him," remarks the Albany *Evening News*. And in the Chicago *Evening Post* we read:

"We think Colonel Mitchell has done his country a service. He flouted discipline, but he has provoked—the word is fitting—a movement which will not end without creating a greater efficiency in our military system. Further, he has helped to impress upon the public mind how strong is the tendency in any military system to become a self-defensive organization, entrenched against criticism, perpetuating its blunders along with its achievements under the cover of lay ignorance and official silence."

In similar vein we read in Senator Capper's Topeka *Capital:*

"The decision of the court martial can have but one effect: the hastening of a change in the national defense policy of the United States.

"No jury composed of twelve men schooled in the Army's system could have returned a verdict different from that rendered by the court martial. But that verdict is not the verdict of the American people. They were with Billy Mitchell when he started his fight, and they are with him now. The will of the majority must ultimately be served. It can not even be turned aside by such a hard-boiled organization as the Army, the most removed of all branches of the Government from the citizens."

"An overwhelming majority of the people think Colonel Mitchell was substantially right, very courageous, but, of course, indiscreet," remarks the New York *American*. The severity of the sentence "is almost an affront to the American people," thinks the Detroit *Free Press*, which goes on to say:

"Colonel Mitchell demonstrated the substantial accuracy of his charges that the Army aircraft force has been mismanaged and neglected, if not deliberately allowed to deteriorate. He produced conclusive evidence of the inexcusable and criminal hazards to which American airmen are subjected because they are forced to use unfit machines. He proved beyond successful contradiction that this country is so far behind other leading Powers in the air that its flying defense is practically a joke. In view of these facts, if anybody suffers in the public estimation as a result of the sentence of the court, it will not be Colonel Mitchell, but rather those who are responsible for its extreme, savage character."

In the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"There was needed somebody with a good Air Service record who could sting the conservatives and reactionaries into action. Mitchell was the man. The mission executed, Air Service practise being headed for improvement, Army discipline being vindicated, and Colonel Mitchell remaining as popular an American figure as ever, everybody ought to be reasonably happy."

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SENATE PERILS IN THE TAX-BILL'S PATH

A $325,000,000 CHRISTMAS GIFT to Federal taxpayers and one which, a press writer notes, will be "useful throughout the year," was presented by the House of Representatives in the speedily enacted income-tax revision measure. Now the gentlemen of the House were fully aware of the Christmas flavor of their action, so much so that there developed a neat little argument over whose stockings were being filled. When the Republican floor leader congratulated his fellow members on their "being able to play the rôle of Santa Claus," a Democratic member, Mr. Rainey of Illinois, shouted angrily: "Christmas present! Forty-two millionaires get Christmas presents of $200,000,000." And right here the correspondents and editors find a hint that when the Senate gets through with this tax-bill some time in February or March, the taxpayer won't be able to recognize his Christmas present. For the practically non-partizan backing of the bill which was responsible for its passage through the House after only twelve working days is considered non-existent in the Senate. There, correspondents tell us, almost anything may happen.

The bill is practically the measure reported by the Ways and Means Committee. It eliminates publicity; reduces the maximum surtax from 40 to 20 per cent.; jumps the normal married exemption from $2,500 to $3,500; reduces the maximum inheritance tax from 40 to 20 per cent.; removes certain nuisance taxes; and makes a total tax-reduction of $325,000,000. The Providence *Journal* hopes and believes "that the upper branch of Congress will take care to enact the bill at a reasonable date. There will be much talk against it by Progressive and Democratic irreconcilables, but they are not expected to stand in the way of its final passage in approximately its present form." The Brooklyn *Eagle* and the New York *Herald Tribune* hint that in a clash over the tax-bill public opinion will side with the House and against the Senate.

Nevertheless, insists the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "no one should be deceived by its easy passage through the House into expectation of equally smooth sailing in the Senate." It adds: "there is no popular demand for obstruction to the tax-bill, so it is passed by the House of Representatives and so it will be opposed in the House of Perverseness." And here we find a number of Washington correspondents of the same opinion. It seems to Mr. Leroy T. Vernon of the Chicago *Daily News* that the public, "in view of the non-partizan agreement in the House, has been lulled into a sense of false security by the apparent calm on the surface," for Democratic Leader Simmons is determined to bring before the Senate a Democratic substitute tax measure with a higher maximum surtax than is provided in the House bill. And Mr. Vernon suggests that if the Senate Democrats really get behind the proposed Simmons substitute "there are enough Progressive Republicans left in the Senate to join them for a real tussle to keep up surtax rates at least higher than they are now in the House measure." Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* recalls that the vote on the maximum surtax was much closer than the vote by which the finished bill was passed; "if, when the bill goes to the Senate, the Democrats of that body follow the example of their house brethren in proportionate numbers, they may be able, in conjunction with the La Follette group, to force adoption of a higher surtax schedule, tho it probably would not go above a maximum of 25 per cent." In a New York *World* dispatch from Washington we read that the Democrats "are up in arms in the Senate and are confident of rewriting the measure almost from one end to the other." They "will charge that the House bill favors only the multi-millionaires, notably the Secretary of the Treasury." We read further:

"Just how far the Democrats will get with their rival bill can not be safely predicted yet, but a careful nose count by Simmons has convinced him that he will have forty-eight votes, or just half the Senate, assured. This includes most of the Democrats, save Glass, Underwood and Bruce, and counts in all the Republican independents like Borah, Norris, Johnson, Frazier, Brookhart, Couzens of Michigan, and La Follette."

Many Democratic leaders and newspapers, according to Mr. W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times*, feel that the House Democrats made a mistake in joining with the Republicans and not having a bill of their own to give the party a definite standing before the country. This "would have let the country know the Democratic party was functioning as usual." It seems to this veteran correspondent that the Senate Democrats would be playing good politics by making a fight for a Democratic tax-reduction measure:

"Even if Senate Democrats should conclude to have a tax-bill of their own, they will do nothing to jeopardize substantial reductions of existing rates. They might, however, be able to use their own bill as a rallying center and a leverage for the amendments they have in mind. The regular Republicans must depend upon them for enough votes to put a bill through. Senator Curtis, Republican leader, can count on not more than about forty-two votes for any administration measure. He will get the Democratic votes, after the partizan play has been made, for there are almost as many conservatives on that side of the Senate as on the Republican side.

"Meanwhile, the Democratic gesture in favor of higher surtaxes—affecting the rich, of whom there are only a few—and higher exemptions—affecting people of moderate means, of whom there are millions—will be featured in next year's campaign."

The feeling that the tax-reduction bill will probably become a law much as it passed the House is shared by the Washington *Star*, which does not even believe that there will be a "disposition unduly to prolong debate in the Senate." This paper hears that the Democratic Senators will try to increase the total tax-reduction and extend the period over which our war debt is to be liquidated, but it does not believe they will secure any help from Progressive Republicans in this particular attempt. A strong fight, we are told, will be made on the low estate-tax rates of the House bill, and also on the repeal of publicity. *The Star* quotes Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Finance Committee, to the effect that his committee would begin consideration of the tax-bill on January 4, "that the bill would be reported to the Senate by January 20, and that it would pass finally in time to permit the filing of income-tax returns under the new rates."

While most papers seem to hope that the House bill will go through practically intact, the Providence *News* thinks it may be "changed in ways that will make it a more Democratic measure"; similarly the New York *World* sees room for improvement:

"Primarily, it lops off too much of the income tax in both the lowest and the highest brackets. The increase in the amount of personal exemption will strike over 2,000,000 names from the Federal tax-rolls. Narrowing the base for the income tax in this way increases the uncertainty of the yield, inasmuch as incomes in the higher brackets are subject to greater fluctuation from year to year than those in the lower. Furthermore, the direct payment of even a small tax is an effective method of maintaining the citizen's interest in his Government.

"The heavy reduction in taxes on incomes in the higher brackets would be justifiable if the Government at the same time could eliminate the remaining war-time taxes on consumption. Abolition of the latter should take precedence over drastic reductions in income taxes. This consideration applies with equal force to the estate tax."

A vigorous denunciation of the House tax-bill on the ground that it "tends to destroy the very principle of the income tax" is made by the Washington *News:*

"It is paving the way for indirect taxes that can be loaded almost entirely upon wage-earners and others of small income.

"This year the little fellows are being baited with real reductions in their income tax. Some two million of them are being wiped off the income-tax rolls entirely. But all the reductions given the little fellows make a smaller total than the reductions given the few thousand citizens whose incomes run into the millions annually. The latter class gets the real benefit."

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THE WAR DEBT ROW IN THE SENATE

THE "OLD BATTALION OF DEATH" that did such valiant service in the fight against the League of Nations, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, critically, is arming for another battle. The first broadside was fired in the Senate during the week before Christmas by Senator James A. Reed, Democrat of Missouri, and other Western and Southern Democrats and Western Republicans, when Senator Smoot, Republican of Utah, endeavored to obtain ratification of the debt settlements negotiated within the last few months with Italy, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Esthonia, and Latvia. Senator Harrison, Democrat of Mississippi, maintained that the agreement with the Italian Government, whereby it begins paying interest on its war debt at the rate of one-eighth of one per cent., would cost the American taxpayer at least $3,000,000,000, and Senator Reed, says a Washington dispatch to the Springfield *Union*, declared that every debtor nation should be made to pay the principal of its debt in full and interest at 4¼ per cent. If a nation could not pay the United States out of its income, it should be made to pay out of its capital, he said. He also introduced a resolution calling for an investigation to ascertain whether any foreign Government has been spending money on propaganda to influence our foreign policies.

From the foregoing, it is clear to Albert W. Fox, of the Washington *Post*, that "the opposition to ratification of the war-debt settlements is going to be so pronounced in the Senate that it may be months before favorable action can be obtained." In the opinion of Senator Norris, Republican of Nebraska, Italy, who negotiated a new loan of $100,000,000 soon after funding her war debt with this country, instead of paying one-eighth of one per cent. to Uncle Sam and 7 per cent. to the holders of Italian Government bonds, "should pay her war debts and the bankers on an even footing." Senator Johnson, Republican of California, Senator Howell, Republican of Nebraska, Senator Robinson, Democrat of Arkansas, and Senator McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee, according to Washington dispatches, were particularly bitter in their denunciation of recent war-debt agreements. Said Senator Reed, of Missouri:

"When we were in the war the European countries came here and asked for aid. We passed three bills authorizing the borrowing of money. We provided that loans could be made to various foreign countries for the purpose of enabling them to carry on the war, . . . the idea being that while we would borrow this money from the American people, the American people would never be taxed a single dollar for either interest or principal, because the foreign country borrowing the money would be obligated to pay us the same amount of interest that we were paying for the money we had borrowed to loan them.

"That agreement the then Secretary of the Treasury violated. Instead of receiving bonds, he took from foreign borrowers an obligation in writing conditioned that they would give the bonds thereafter, and that in the meantime they would pay 5 per cent. interest. So we borrowed this money from our people . . . upon an implied contract that they never would be taxed to pay either the interest or the principal or any part of it.

"That is the starting point. The war was fought out. Then came propaganda by international bankers that America should cancel the indebtedness of foreign countries. It came from the house of Morgan. It came from all of these gentlemen who had themselves been making loans.

"Until the $10,000,000,000 we borrowed and loaned to Europe has been wiped out, we must pay the interest at 4¼ per cent. up to date—whether it ever can be reduced or not is a question for the future—and we must finally pay the principal. Italy owes us a certain amount of money. Part of it is interest and part of it is principal. She has no more right to repudiate the interest than she has to repudiate the principal."

Certainly, agrees the New York *Evening World*, "the settlements thus far made have been liberal. They have meant the forgiving of a very large part of the debts, and the taxing of American citizens to pay the portion that is forgiven."

The great majority of newspapers, however, aline themselves with Senator Smoot, Republican of Utah and member of the Debt Funding Commission, who says "it is very doubtful whether Italy can pay what she has agreed to pay." "The terms granted Italy and Belgium are liberal," admits the Atlanta *Journal*, "but they probably are no more liberal than they should be on the basis of reasonable capacity to pay."

This, substantially, is the view-point of the New York *Times*, New Haven *Register*, Philadelphia *Record*, New York *Herald Tribune*, Hartford *Times*, Boston *Post*, Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, Springfield *Republican*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and St. Louis

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A TEDIOUS TASK

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Post-Dispatch, the last two of which are the largest journals, with the exception of the Kansas City *Star*, in Senator James A. Reed's home State. Says *The Post-Dispatch:*

"Senator Reed strest the point that loans have been made to the debtor countries by bankers, at high rates of interest, while we accepted very little interest. But the loans were necessary for immediate cash resources, in order to establish financial conditions which would enable the debtor countries to keep going and pay anything."

Furthermore, explains *The Globe-Democrat:*

"The Italian Government has agreed to pay the full amount of the principal of its debt, $2,042,000,000, and interest over the period of sixty-two years, amounting in the whole to $421,701,250. It is true that if Italy were required to pay interest at the rate of 4.14 per cent., which we pay on our Liberty bonds, the interest would amount to more than the principal. If we paid 4.14 per cent. on the full amount of Liberty bonds that cover the amounts loaned to foreign countries through the period of sixty-two years, the loans would cost us more than we receive. But these bonds will be wiped out and interest stopt in less than half that length of time.

"But in all these settlements the question has not been how much was due us, but how much the debtors could reasonably be expected to pay. It is to our interest and profit to aid these countries in getting on their feet. They are our customers; we want and need their trade. Entirely aside from sentimental considerations, the settlements are just and wise from the practical standpoint."

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THE LEAGUE'S DISARMAMENT CALL

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING of the New Year is seen by a number of American newspaper editors in the report from Washington that President Coolidge will accept the invitation to this country to participate in the preliminary work of a limitation of armaments conference in Geneva next month. The President, we are assured, already has authority to send delegates to the League of Nations conference, and intends to ask Congress for an appropriation to cover their expenses. Moreover, says Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "whoever is selected will go to Geneva as official representatives of the United States. The day of the unofficial observer is over." It is important that the United States be represented at this meeting this experienced writer adds, because at it will be fixt the time, place, and agenda of the disarmament conference which the League of Nations proposes to call. But, says Richard V. Oulahan, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"The Washington Government has no intention of becoming a party to any agreement with other Powers for the reduction of European land armaments. As the probable outcome of the proposed League disarmament conference is seen in Washington, land armaments will be dealt with in a series of regional security agreements, somewhat along the line of the Locarno treaties. With such arrangements this Government does not conceive that it has anything to do. In agreements affecting naval limitation, however, the United States has an intimate concern and will join wholeheartedly in a conference of that character, provided the preliminary meeting called by the League formulates agenda that, in the opinion of the President and the Secretary of State, will give promise of practical results. Its participation, however, will be confined to advice and suggestion, and it is probable that the American delegation, under instructions from the Secretary of State, will make it clear that this Government will not, by that participation, commit itself to responsibility for any of the land security compacts expected to emanate from the disarmament conference proper."

"NOW ALL TOGETHER!"

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

Mr. Coolidge, we are reminded, is in deep sympathy with any move for additional arms reduction. And Mr. Kellogg, in his recent New York speech, declared the Government would do everything possible to bring about the rehabilitation of Europe, so long as we could keep clear of political entanglements and military alliances. Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, altho classified as a "bitter ender" against the League, likewise is a consistent advocate of arms reduction. Germany, several editors point out, is already a prospective member of the League, and her refusal to attend the conference is unlikely. As for Russia, the third great nation outside the League to receive an invitation, Foreign Minister Tchitcherin is authority for the statement, made to the London *Observer*, that Russia is willing to disarm and abolish war industries if a common scheme of disarmament can be arranged with other Powers. As the New York *Evening World* remarks:

"Here we have almost all the nations of the earth ready to sit down to the table to consider means of reducing armament, lifting onerous burdens of taxation from the people, and reducing to a minimum the temptation to invoke force in the settlement of disputes. The United States can not afford to diminish by one iota the possibilities of a successful issue, nor need our participation involve us at all in the League."

The Special Preparatory Commission for Disarmament, as the League body is called, is purely one of inquiry to discover what armament questions can be taken up, with reasonable hope that limitation agreements can be negotiated. We read in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* that—

"Besides the ten nations represented on the Council of the League—Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia and Uruguay—eight other Governments besides the United States are invited to send representatives. These are Bulgaria, Finland, Germany, The Netherlands, Poland, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and Soviet Russia."

To the New York *Herald Tribune*, the invitation "discloses a program of remarkable scope." For, we are informed:

"The League is going to approach the problem simultaneously from all possible angles—war strength, peace strength, air, sea and land strength, merchant marine strength, offensive and defensive armament, industrial, financial, and population resources, geographical situation, communications, relative security and insecurity. It is a vast undertaking, whose political, economic and technical complexity requires, in the Council's opinion, the cooperation of all the nations.

"Congress has heretofore taken the lead in suggesting international disarmament action. It has many times requested the President to encourage or summon conferences for that purpose. If Congress desires the Geneva invitation to be accepted and says so, there could be little hesitation here about cooperating with the League in its disarmament plans. Certainly no outside invited nation would be bound in advance to accept blindly the work of the preparatory commission or of the conference. The project would stand at all times on its own merits, and in so far as it seemed practicable and also world-wide in its application, rather than merely European, the United States would have much to gain and nothing to lose by engaging in another effort to put the world on a more effective peace basis."

Should Congress vote to grant the President's request for funds to pay the expenses of a commission, points out David Lawrence, in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, "it will be tantamount to approval of the mission, and with the support of Congress the commission's opinions will have more weight at Geneva." Furthermore, says this writer:

"Mr. Coolidge and his Cabinet, aside from their desire to promote world peace, favor American acceptance of the League's invitation for the practical reason that the United States wants Europe to reduce her armament and spend her money for reconstruction so as to buy more American products and raw materials. The conference will spend most of its time on land armament and the problem of industrial control of raw materials used in economic warfare. These questions are vitally related to American industry."

But many obstacles remain to be overcome before European nations can afford to disarm, maintains Frank H. Simonds in one of his syndicated articles. France and Great Britain, he

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figures, can not reduce their colonial armies because of the dangers which threaten both, the French chiefly in Africa; the British mainly in Asia. Furthermore, "it is clear that Roumania and Poland, bordering Russia and always menaced by Russian hostility, will not consent to the reduction of their armies below the point deemed essential to their own defense." David Lloyd George, Great Britain's former Prime Minister, also declares in a Washington *Star* article that—

"Russia is a hostile and antagonistic nation, at war with the rest of civilization. She is a danger and a menace, not only to her neighbors but in all quarters of the globe."

The impression of the Springfield *Union* is that—

"The Soviet Government does not want to reduce armaments. For its relations with other nations Russia has two instruments, propaganda and armies, and, while it is constantly using propaganda to disturb other Governments, it may anticipate the possible usefulness of armies in the future."

Aside from the Russian menace, observes the New York *Evening Post*, "the call comes to the United States at an embarrassing hour, when debt settlements agitate Washington and the old League war is breaking out against the World Court." Other newspapers may be opposed to our participation in the conference, but they have not come to our attention—with one exception, the Grand Rapids *Herald*. Says this Michigan paper:

"We have nothing to contribute to a 'land armament conference' which is held under European auspices, on European soil, to deal with a specific European complex. Nor are we needed in this conference—if it has the will to peace. We could not help—if it lacks the will to peace. Therefore, it is a serious consideration whether we should participate at all, except as a friendly and sympathetic bystander."

THE DOVE: "Get rid of the cat, if you want me."
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

The Philadelphia *Record*, on the other hand, sees in the League's invitation "a great opportunity for the President." If we care to have the world disarm, we have got to do something about it ourselves, this paper believes. The neighboring *Inquirer* also is of the opinion that "Congress should give Mr. Coolidge a free hand," and the Rochester *Herald* thinks "we should lose no time in accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was tendered." This is also the view of the Mobile *Register*, New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, and Newark *News*. As the case for participation is put by the Pittsburgh *Sun:*

"The problem of armaments concerns us deeply. It can not be dealt with save by conference. No conference can be held without preparation. And since we are concerned, it is not only fitting but advisable that we should have some part in fixing the agenda."

Finally, concludes the Chicago *Evening Post:*

"There can be no danger of becoming politically entangled. Membership on the commission would not commit us to participation in the conference for which it will pave the way. The end which is sought is one with which the United States is in accord. The issue is bigger than the rehabilitation of Europe. It concerns the security and peace of the world."

TO SAVE THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

"MANY GOOD POSITIONS at $18 and $20 a week, with board and room, go begging while girls take factory and restaurant jobs at $12 a week, or remain idle without even considering housework." Thus the problem is stated by an employment agent in one of our Western States. And Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, calls for a change in our immigration laws as a solution. "Mr. Bloom has doubtless watched the efforts of Mrs. Bloom to procure personages to preside over his kitchen, and become appalled at her frequent failures," remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. At any rate, "Mr. Bloom's suggested change ought to have the serious consideration" of the members of Congress, declares the Washington *Post*. The Bloom measure provides that European women who have engaged in domestic service for at least one year preceding their admission to the United States, and who would come here to work as home servants for at least three years after their arrival, may be admitted as non-quota immigrants. The New York *Herald Tribune* quotes the New York City member of Congress as saying:

"Statistics of domestic relations, showing the breaking up of homes, and the hegira to hotel life, are alarming. The tendency is to desert private housekeeping for public housekeeping enterprises, when opportunity offers, as is shown by the statistical figures of women engaged in increasing numbers as barbers, hair-dressers, manicurists, cleaners and renovators, stewardesses, janitors, lunch-room keepers and waitresses, all of which occupations are carried on outside of private homes.

"Obviously some escape from this deplorable condition must be devised promptly if the American home, the cradle of discipline and religion, is to serve and fulfil its mission for weal. All labor agencies report a decided scarcity in supply of trained domestics, despite the fact that at no time have wages and conditions been so good. The average wage of domestics is from $15 to $20 a week, and board and lodging, and if my amendment should be adopted the American home would be preserved without inflicting any hardship upon the labor market of the United States."

The first newspaper reaction to the Bloom idea is not particularly encouraging to its originator. Will the threat of deportation keep these servant-girl immigrants in the home, asks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*—"do threats intimidate any woman? Ask the militant suffragists." The Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* thinks that such a bid as Mr. Bloom advocates might bring some foreign girls here, but they might use it only as a means of entrance because other avenues are closed, and would abandon housework as soon as they felt they dared." The trouble is too deeply seated to be reached by any such palliative, argues the Baltimore *American*, which holds that the home can not compete with the inducements offered by industry and commerce:

"Mistresses of large establishments will be more and more obliged to adopt better methods, labor-saving devices and numerous short-cuts in housekeeping. Scientific management must be adapted to domestic needs. The future household servant will be the neighborhood electrician and mechanic, summoned for emergencies when fixtures get out of order."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

YOUNG Bob La Follette is proving that he is a chip of the old bloc.—*Life.*

FRENCH is the universal language, but it isn't the one money talks.—*Sacramento Bee.*

IT doesn't take much of a car, at that, to last some drivers a lifetime.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SCALES are too often on the eyes of Justice instead of in her hands.—*Wall Street Journal.*

A SHINGLE, a cigaret and knickers make a lot of difference, but they don't fool a mouse.—*New Haven Register.*

SOME women grow old before their time trying to look young after their time.—*Boston Transcript.*

PEACE is that blessed period when it isn't your sacred duty to believe an official lie.—*Hartford Times.*

HENRY FORD seems to be dividing his time among flivvers, flyers and fiddlers.—*Indianapolis Star.*

LIFE started from a cell, and if justice is done a lot of it is going to end there.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE Navy rule nowadays seems to be three years afloat and three years on the witness stand.—*Detroit News.*

THE reason ideas die quickly in some heads is because they can't stand solitary confinement.—*Columbia Record.*

THE declining franc looks at the stabilized mark and wonders who won the war, anyway.—*Philadelphia Record.*

MA FERGUSON won't have school text-books in Texas saying that men are animals, and yet she insists that her political enemies are swine.—*New York Evening World.*

IN the college story of the future we may read: "The famous halfback then took thirty minutes' brisk practise on the adding-machine."—*The New Yorker.*

NET incomes of railroads in 1925 are greater than in any other year in their history. That is how truck and bus competition is killing the railroads.—*Louisville Times.*

THE Republican committee has officially recognized young La Follette as a Republican. Now perhaps the folks back home won't recognize him.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A WOMAN won the Sangamon County, Illinois, hog-calling contest this year, and, knowing men as well as we do, we should think any married woman would.—*American Lumberman.*

SCIENTISTS say that in a few million years there will be no coal. The time seems rather long to wait for the settlement of a controversy involving so many interests.—*Washington Star.*

YOUNG Vincent Astor denies there is any social gulf between different groups of Americans. The main difference now is in the make of the car and the length of the vacation.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

THEY are already talking of the proposed United States of Europe as a possible menace to the United States of America. But if they mind their own business as conscientiously as we do, there will be no trouble.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE question is not where civilization began, but when will it.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE modern home to-day is supplied with everything except the family.—*Buffalo Post.*

THE only thing that can keep on growing without nourishment is an ego.—*Fresno Republican.*

WE gather from the trial that the only thing the flying force has plenty of is air.—*Dallas News.*

HENRY FORD is boosting barn dances when he is largely responsible for the garage era.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IT seems impossible that potatoes once were the only food of the poor.—*Chico (Cal.) Republican.*

OUR idea is that now is a noble time for a bachelor to announce for Governor of Texas.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AH, well; Mussolini is just the right kind of boss for a country that needs that kind.—*New Britain Herald.*

MOSCOW says next tax law will relieve peasants. Presumably of what they have left.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE man who tried his hand at something and failed might try using his head for a change.—*Buffalo Post.*

THE really hard thing is to be able to say whether it is opportunity at the door or another demonstrator.—*Detroit News.*

IF there's anything in evolution, Americanism should in time develop a very strong trigger finger.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE Prince of Wales, says a London dispatch, has a dread of becoming fat. He knows, probably, that the heavier they are the harder they fall off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT effort being made to get Russia into the League of Nations may be just a clever ruse to break up the League.—*Southern Lumberman.*

SOME people tell us that wild life is disappearing in the country. Our own observations lead us to believe that it is just moving to the city.—*Buffalo Post.*

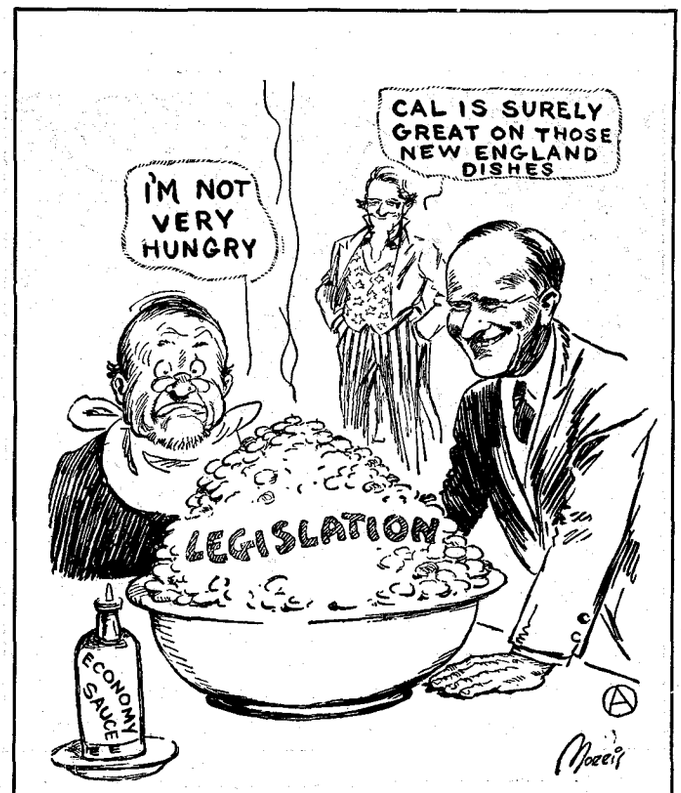
LADIES who went in bathing used to dress like Mother Hubbard. Now they dress more like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE ism folks who imagine the U. S. A. could easily settle the peace of Europe should take enough time from foreign affairs to fix up the coal strike.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

IN the old days the slaughter-houses used to boast that every part of a pig was utilized except his squeal. Nowadays, the jazz bands are using even that.—*New York American.*

THE first definition given in the dictionary is supposed to be the accepted or usual meaning of the word, but Webster puts "border; margin" way down in fourth place as a definition of "skirt."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

CONSTANTINOPLE telephone girls have gone on a telephone strike for higher wages. It must be pretty hard work to be a telephone girl in Turkey, where they probably have two harems on a party line.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



PLENTY OF BEANS, BUT NO PORK

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

SPAIN'S CIVILIAN DICTATORSHIP

THE MORE IT CHANGES the more it is the same, say some cynical critics of the discontinuance of Spain's Military Directorate, headed by Gen. Primo de Rivera, who succeeds himself as the first in command of what some call Spain's "civilian dictatorship." The members of his Cabinet will actually govern as dictators, according to a Madrid newspaper, *A. B. C.*, which states that the Government will reorganize the administration and reform various services. According to this journal, the Government proposes to use a dictatorial procedure to regulate public finances, restore national economy, and reform taxation. But, we are told, the Government's political program will not include electoral reform or parliamentary reform, as the time is not deemed to be ripe for the constitutional régime to be resurrected. From the Spanish press and from press dispatches from the French border we learn that unrest had been general in Spain and culminated in several serious military outbreaks, in which various high officers were involved. It is reported also that there was widespread discontent among the intellectual elements, and in some universities. The dramatic suddenness with which the Military Directorate was converted into a civilian directorate, on the return of Gen. Primo de Rivera from a prolonged stay in Morocco, is explained by him, as quoted in the Madrid *Epoca*, as follows:

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SPAIN'S MUSSOLINI IN MUFTI

To pacify the country and avoid further possible evils, according to Gen. Primo de Rivera, he has supplanted Spain's Military Directorate with a civilian dictatorship.

"Altho the solution of the political riddle was not urgent, on my return from Morocco I found so many political programs and rumors, that I considered it advisable to precipitate matters in order to solve the existing uncertainty, and to pacify the disquiet of the country and avoid possible further evils."

When the general explained the change of government to the King, the King is recorded as having said: "Within a reasonable time I hope to witness the enactment of laws permitting the return to normal conditions, the strict observance of which laws may make further suspension of constitutional usages unnecessary." On the morrow of the change, it appears, the press censorship was relaxed so that the newspapers were able to comment freely, altho later several journals were suppressed for their outspoken criticism, and the lid was shut down tighter than before. A conservative newspaper, the Madrid *Epoca*, observes:

"Until to-day we have been governed by a Military Directorate which never tried to conceal the fact that we faced an exceptional situation imposed by force. Its members did what they rightly or wrongly considered the best for the country. This state of affairs could only be tolerated in the hope of a return to constitutional government. This is supposed to be a fact to-day. Yet we decline to discuss the official declaration of the Directorate because the military dictatorship has been replaced by a civilian and economic dictatorship still more obnoxious than the military ever was.

"The president of the Cabinet states that the Constitution is inviolable tho 'temporarily suspended.' The Government, we are told, will be formed by 'a group of citizens belonging to a great political party.' We are furthermore assured that there is no intention to effect any change in the Constitution of 1876, but that it still is 'indefinitely suspended,' which implies the continuation of the censorship, the prohibition of all political activities and the suppression of individual guaranties. According to the declaration just made by Gen. Primo de Rivera the Ministry now formed will reform the tax laws, regulate property rights and govern by decree.

"What is then the difference between this new government and the Military Directorate? The head of each plainly tells us the facts. A civilian dictatorship supplants the military dictatorship. The posts hitherto entrusted to army and navy men are now turned over to a league of civilians, members of the political party organized by the Government. This makes matters much worse. Firstly, because it establishes a régime of force, and secondly, because dictatorship will not be exercised in the name of entities alien to political petty ambitions as were the Army and Navy, but in the name of a political body full of the inherent faults and the appetites of all political parties."

According to the Madrid *Voz*, there has been a change only in the label of Spain's government, and no change in the spirit or the fact of it, and this newspaper adds:

"As long as dictatorial powers are entrusted to a cabinet, it makes no difference whether it is composed of civilians or the military. We still hope reason will prevail, and the country will be allowed to have a voice in the matter. The fact that we have passed from a military dictatorship to a civilian one fails entirely to appease public opinion."

The Madrid *Socialista* can only repeat its constant desire to witness a return to constitutional practises, and it greatly regrets to notice that "the new Government completely ignores

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the great demand of the masses for a return to democratic rule." Says the Madrid *Heraldo:*

"The composition of the new Ministry fails to satisfy the public anxiety, since it differs but little from the Military Directorate. It is nevertheless a note of hope in the darkness in which we have been kept since 1923. The president of the Cabinet insists, however, on keeping all constitutional guaranties suspended indefinitely. The country will then ask: why any change? The substitution of civilians for the military is not a proof that the conditions warranting the use of force have passed. Let us hope that coming events will convince this Cabinet of the necessity of allowing more freedom to the opinion of the people."

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW

The end of a big-game hunter.

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, N. S. W.).

The present Cabinet can be only a transitory government, in the opinion of the liberal Madrid *Sol*, which declares that its political value is quite nil, and it goes on to say:

"Were we to name it by a color, we would say it is gray. There is not a single element entitling us to put any hope in this Cabinet. Instead of hope, the president's curious selections for the Cabinet have aroused only amused curiosity."

The return of the Army to its natural field and functions is the only point for congratulation, says the Madrid *Diario Universal*, which declares that "the danger of seeing our armed forces taking part in political struggles was ever present to our eyes," and therefore "the present move is generally welcome." But there are newspapers which are much more cordial and enthusiastic about the new régime, as, for instance, *La Correspondencia Militar*, which expresses itself thus:

"We must warmly congratulate Gen. Primo de Rivera, who so well embodies our noblest traditions. We have full confidence in his ability to steer us to safety. The apparent obscurity of the new Ministers is unimportant. What Spain needs to-day is a group of men conscious of the real needs of the country and presenting an honest program of government—men irrevocably resolved to carry out their purposes, and in honor bound not to fall into the excesses prevalent in the régime so justly overthrown by Primo de Rivera in September 1923."

Another admirer of General de Rivera is the Madrid *Debate*, which would have preferred that he had established an even stronger dictatorship, and observes:

"We shall support the Government simply because it is the Government. The task of forming a government is not an easy one. The press tell us daily of the difficulties facing democratic governments, which rise and fall as by magic. We must always remember that the only two strong governments of Europe—Russia and Italy—are frank dictatorships. In view of the grave existing situation, support of the Government, whatever its program, is the natural outgrowth of the law of self-preservation of all civilized societies. . . .

"The present moment is full of dangers. We need a government as strong as the Directorate. The problem is not to limit authority, but to strengthen it. All countries are to-day following that line of conduct, obeying Italy's example. The new Government must be granted still larger powers than the Directorate. It is not advisable to give the people participation in the Government, but they should be represented in an advisory capacity before the governing organs. Above all, the executive post must be exalted, and granted uncontrolled and full power to exert its authority to the limit."

ANOTHER REFORM IN SOVIET RUSSIA

FROM RIGID COMMUNISM Russia passed in 1921 to the famous "new economic policy," but as Russian editors point out, the Soviet Government still retained three institutions, which they considered corner-stones of communist philosophy. These institutions, we are told, are the dictatorship of the proletariat, the nationalization of the main branches of industry, and thirdly, the monopoly of foreign trade by the Government. Private capital in Russia could do no harm, it was held, as long as these three bulwarks were maintained. But about the middle of November last, it appears, a new reform was decreed, which modifies, if it does not actually abolish, the monopoly of foreign trade. As recorded in the Russian press, the Commissariat of Foreign Trade has been taken from its chief and stanch supporter, Comrade Krassin, and has been fused with the Commissariat of Domestic Trade under the direction of Comrade Tzuriupo, a more liberal Communist. Henceforth licenses to export and to import will be granted more facility, we are told, and what is more, the Soviet Government will encourage the formation of "mixed companies," composed of foreign capitalists and representatives of the Soviet Government for the purpose of promoting foreign commerce.

Also, it is pointed out, individual Soviet trusts and cartels will have the right to purchase materials directly in foreign markets. While it is true, say some Russian newspapers, that the Commissariat of Trade will still control all individuals and organizations engaged in business, they assure us that this control will not be nearly so oppressive as it has been heretofore. In the Moscow *Vozrozhdenie*, the monopoly of foreign trade is declared by A. Yoblonovsky to have been one of the main obstacles to Russia's dealings with the outside world, and he goes on to describe it as follows:

"Suppose a dressmaker in Moscow required a dozen buttons for a dress she was making. In former days she would simply send one of her girls to the store to buy the buttons. But now very few things are to be had in the stores. The Moscow dressmaker would have to buy the buttons abroad, and this would involve the necessity of having ten permits, of visiting ten Soviet bureaus, and of waiting six months. Moreover, when the buttons were received through the Commissariat for Foreign Trade, they would be found to be red instead of green, as ordered, to be round instead of oblong, as required, and finally, they would be out of fashion."

In the Moscow *Economicheskaya Zhizn*, there is a statement taken from one of Kameneff's speeches in which he said that "no longer could we endure the condition under which only our Trade Delegations had the power to buy pins, soap, machinery, clothing, nail-files, and what not. Such a state of things is dying a natural death." In this paper, also, we read that the foreign trade monopoly built up an enormous and clumsy machine of Trade Delegations, that were slow and inefficient, and it is related that in Berlin alone the Soviet Trade Delegation

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had a personnel of eight hundred. The Moscow *Isviestia* calls attention to the fact that despite the introduction of the new reform, the Government will continue to exercise vigilance over foreign trade, and it goes on to say:

"In its struggle for Socialism, the working class has opened the door to private capital comparatively wide, but the working class must never forget its main objective. It admits private capital to hasten the development of the economic system of the country in branches that thus far have not been effectively controlled by the State and by the cooperatives. But the working class must learn as soon as possible how to build up an efficient commercial organization of its own, and one which will be able gradually to force private capital out of the country."

Adverse critics of the Soviet régime are not stirred to enthusiasm over the new foreign trade policy. According to the *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris), there is nothing new about the so-called "mixed societies" for foreign trade, and in a very sarcastic tone it continues:

"Attempts to organize such societies have been numerous. Some of them have failed quickly. Others have been more fortunate. Some of those now in existence are achieving rather unusual results. One such, for instance, is the famous Russo-Turkish Society, which has the monopoly of importing into Russia various commodities from Near East countries, on the condition that it export the equivalent in Russian merchandise into the Near East. The result is that Greek and Turkish markets are loaded with Russian coal, oil, and cement, which are sold at ridiculously low prices, while in Russia these same articles are very expensive and constitute one of the causes of the general high cost of living. Thus the conquest of foreign

AS EXPECTED

After years of brainless communism, Soviet Russia is gradually discovering its need of capitalist brains.

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

markets is paid for by the Russian taxpayer, who must hand out an extra 300 per cent. for such things as lemons, tea, etc. But the organizers of the mixed societies remain perfectly satisfied, for the foreign shareholders divide their profits with the communist shareholders, so that the Soviet comrades are by no means left in the lurch."

AN EDINBURGH SPANKING FOR AMERICANS

THE CORRUPT ATMOSPHERE of war-time "propaganda" seems to have returned, it is said by some English writers, who deplore the rumors and hints spread all over the world to the effect that England is done for. The anti-English press of America, it is charged, sedulously proclaim in the largest type, the imminent collapse of Great Britain, "which meanwhile is paying America tribute," and send their newspapers

JONATHAN AND JOHN

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate."

—*The Mail* (Birmingham).

across the Canadian frontier with a peculiar satisfaction. Full of wrath at such misrepresentations, a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* seizes upon the issue to give Americans a picture of themselves that is not in the least intended to be flattering. Thus he says sarcastically that they have a firm belief in the march of mind, and for them "mind marches always, if it march in the right direction, toward dollars." It is then recalled that:

"Mr. Hoover has lately said, in the preliminary report which he made as Secretary of Commerce, that 'the standard of living in the United States was the highest in the country's history, and therefore the highest in all history.' Why he wrote the last seven words we do not know. Surely it is recognized all the world over that the United States can be compared only with themselves. What have they to do with history? Before they came into being history was not, and they have marked their own marvelous progress by the breaking of all known records. You see them with one hand pocketing dollars, with the other distributing 'ideals' to the dark and awestruck Europe. Think of the glory of being the only competitor in the race of wealth and comfort, and of outdistancing your last achievement at every lap! Surely the career of these States is without parallel, and if only gold can do the trick, in a few years all Europe will be on its knees in front of the United States, begging for the crums that fall from the heavily laden table of successful materialism."

The higher the Americans climb, it is then asserted, the farther they travel from the rare chance of self-knowledge. Not for them, it is said, is the maxim—"Know thyself!"—for with their outward eye fixt upon the ladder of progress, whose every rung is marked by a vast increase of dollars, "how shall their mind's eye

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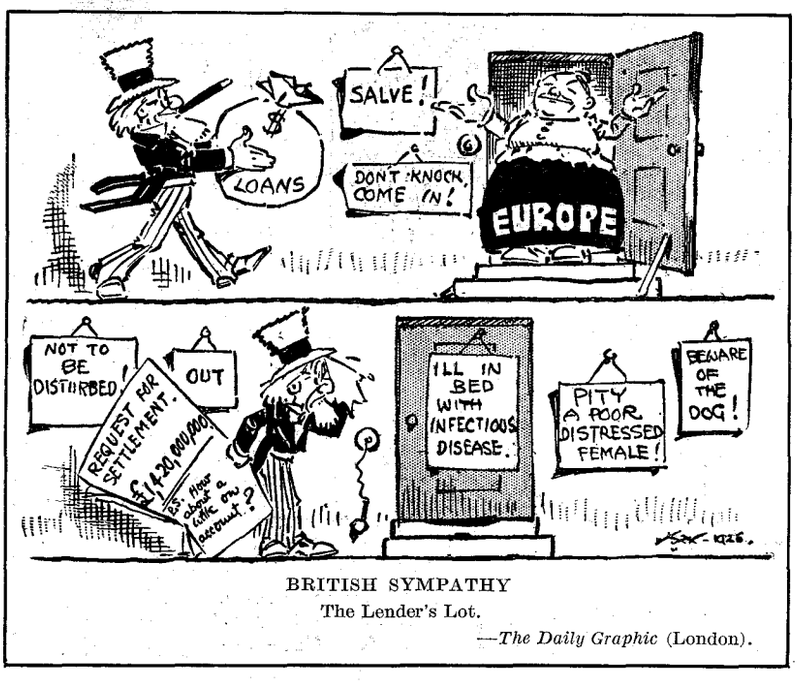
turn inward upon themselves?" Ever since they revolted against England, we read further, which "once was their mother country, but no longer is the mother country of their cosmopolitans," the Americans have been growing in "arrogance and wealth." Many years ago, their own historian, Francis Parkman, gave them a warning which *Blackwood's* reproduces as follows:

"'Those who in the weakness of their dissensions needed help from England against the savage on their borders have become a nation that might defy every foe but that most dangerous of all foes—herself, destined to a majestic future if she will shun the excess and perversion of the principles that made her great, prate less about the enemies of the past, and strive more against the enemies of the present, resist the mob and the demagog as she resisted Parliament and King, rally her power from the race for gold and the delirium of prosperity to make firm the foundations on which that prosperity rests, and turn some fair proportion of her vast mental forces to other objects than material progress and the game of party politics.'"



BRITISH SYMPATHY

The Lender's Lot.

—*The Daily Graphic* (London).

But the United States did not heed Parkman's warning, according to this contributor to *Blackwood's*, and they went on their way toward wealth gaily, and without knowing what they meant or what they did. Tho they have attained the highest standard of living ever seen, he declares, they have guided their lives by other standards equally dangerous, and he goes on to say:

"Their vanity persuades them to believe that, if they be present when any deed is done, they did it. It is this strange hallucination which causes them to boast aloud that they won the war. That they did nothing of the sort is proved by the number of the killed and wounded in each of the Allied armies, by the plain record of events. They achieved less than the smallest of the British Dominions. It may not be their fault. They came late into the war, untrained and uninstructed, and however willing the rank and file may have been, they were led by officers who did not understand their business. But nothing will serve them but to go about and to tell all and sundry that they were the authors of victory. They believe one another, tho nobody else believes them and they will end by making themselves supremely ridiculous. That they should give a comic interpretation of the letters A. E. F., and repeat that it means 'After England Fails,' can not distress us. We know too well what our sufferings were and what were our achievements to care a jot what the Americans say. But what of them? Who shall respect those who respect themselves so little as to babble such things as these? But they have 'the highest standard of living in the country's history, and therefore the highest in all history.' We are not likely to forget this eloquent statement. We can but ask whether it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

All the gold stored in the Treasury of New York would not tempt this castigator of Americans to surrender British tradition, respect for intelligence, and care for things of the mind, he avers. There is very little that money can buy, he believes, and "no sane man would demand from the gods the gift of Midas." We read then:

"We would rather have a dinner of herbs with contentment and a little wine than all the dry banquets which the enslaved riches of the United States can provide. We know well enough that, as a result of the war, we are faced with many difficulties. We know also that if we do not trust too fondly to the Government, if we recognize that all benefits come not from legislation but from a change of heart in the people, we shall overcome our difficulties. Meanwhile we do not ask the good opinion nor the help of the United States. So long as we pay our annual tribute, they can have nothing to say to us. A report, lately issued by the British Federation of Industries, tells us what the United States think of us. 'Even in the most friendly quarters,' we are told, 'the general impression seems to be that England is down and out. All our difficulties are exaggerated, and the progress we have made toward reconstruction ignored. We are painted as being at the mercy of Communists. One hears that our plants are out-of-date, our methods antiquated, we can not compete, our spirit of initiative has deserted us; the British workman neither can nor will work.' It is a pleasant picture, painted in the colors of amiability. But if the Americans count upon our being down and out, they will have a rude awakening."

This writer goes on to say that of course the English suffered more than the Americans did from the war, for the Americans "had not much to do with the war, except to make money out of it." Now Britain, we are told, risked all her money, and all her men of military age, and has not yet had time to rebuild the fabric of her life and trade. Presently, it is predicted, she will recover completely, tho she has traveled far on the road to recovery even now. But until complete recovery comes, the deeds of her people must speak for her, and we read:

"The British Federation of Industries suggests that 'one or two Englishmen of the highest standing should visit the United States, and in a series of speeches in different parts of the country correct the harm done to British interests.' For our part we have no faith in propaganda of this sort."

FRANCE'S NEED OF A STRONG MAN—If there were just one man in France great enough to establish a dictatorship, it might be the best thing that could happen to the country, according to some foreign observers there. But there is none, we are told, and all France has are "average politicians." Her best men are said to be too old to appear as rescuers, while the young ones are described as the product of the war and lacking stability and experience. Meanwhile we read in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times*, that the *Echo du Nord* of Lille publishes an open letter to Clemenceau, asking him to come to the help of his country, in these words:

"Shut your books for a moment, leave your pen and forget your heartburns. Look toward the soil—this soil of France which your ardor and tenacity liberated from the foreigner. See what your successors have done with your victory, old and respected poilu, and grit your teeth and close your fists with anger.

"We turn to you. Your juniors have quit and the young have lost their ideals. In the darkest hour the ancients are those who give the fullest meaning to events and dictate their duty to citizens who are still filled with love of the public weal.

"Speak to us. The enemy is no longer at Noyon—he is within each of us—he besieges our hearts and they give way a little more from hour to hour. Our governors watch, powerlessly, the ebbing tide which they started. Replace them.

"You have been silent long enough. Tell us our watchword."

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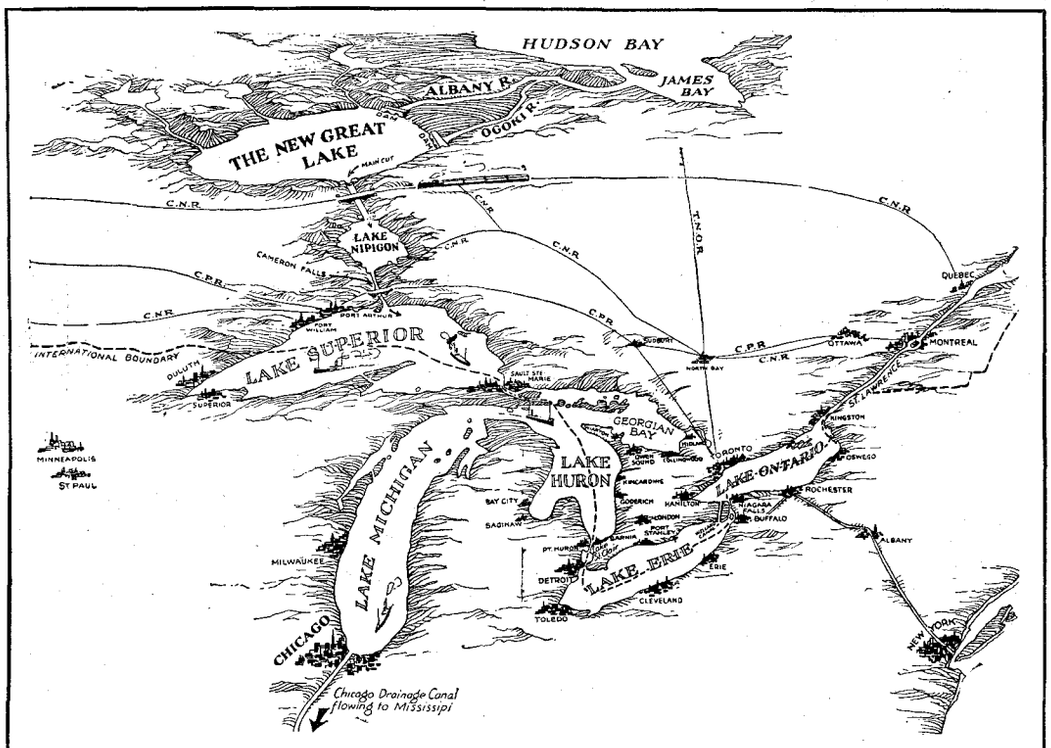
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

A SIXTH GREAT LAKE?

THE BASIN FOR A NEW GREAT LAKE, more than twice as large as Ontario, lies almost ready-made in the wild regions north of Lake Superior. A few dams, the diversion of a river or two that now flow into Hudson Bay, the cutting of a short southward canal, and the trick is turned. Chicago may use twice her present drainage, the lowered lake-levels will be restored, there will be hydro-electric power to spare—and all for half the cost of the Panama Canal! This plausible and far-reaching scheme, fresh from the brain of a young Canadian engineer and explorer, is described at some length in *The Dearborn Independent*, by Wallace J. Laut. He writes:

"Diversion of lake water through the Chicago Drainage Canal may be offset by another diversion of a large volume of water that now flows uselessly and purposelessly to the Arctic Ocean from the wilds of the Canadian North.

"A Canadian engineer who has traversed this little-known Northern area by canoe and trail may hold the key to the restoration of Great Lakes levels with consequences that may be totaled up only in terms of millions, whether people, dollars, pounds of lake freight or electrical horse-power are considered.



WHERE ANOTHER GREAT LAKE MIGHT BE MADE

This bird's-eye map shows how two dams would form in the natural basin of the Albany River a new lake, two and a half times as large as Lake Ontario. A canal less than two miles long would carry the water from this lake into Lake Nipigon, through the Nipigon River and into Lake Superior.

"Lorne Campbell, of Toronto, has just returned from the latest of his five-year explorations of the Patricia area, and with his conviction doubly strengthened that a sixth Great Lake may be added to the present chain, and a volume of water added to the Great Lakes sufficient to restore normal levels and at the same time provide the city of Chicago with an ample supply of water for drainage purposes. If this project be feasible, and many declare that nature has worked with man to make it entirely possible, the resultant benefits, even on a superficial survey, would be staggering in the bearing they have on many important phases of existence to the 40,000,000 dwellers in the area contiguous to and affected by the Great Lakes chain.

"The writer has had the privilege for some months of discussing with Mr. Campbell his plan for the saving of the Great Lakes. It was along the Albany River and its many tributaries that this summer's route was scheduled. The Albany has been called 'the St. Lawrence of the North.' Flowing northeast into James Bay, it carries an enormous volume of water through Hudson Straits and out to the North Atlantic.

"The Albany basin lies between two heights of land running east and west. These natural divides converge at the eastern and the western ends, and the Albany is the neck of the bottle through which the waters make egress.

"Stop the flow of the Albany River at the most strategic location by means of a great dam. Build another dam across the Ogoki, a principal tributary of the Albany, and you have created an enormous basin or artificial lake twice the size of Lake Ontario. The flow of the Albany to the Arctic is checked and the water is stored for the use of mankind."

This water may be diverted into the Great Lakes, according to Mr. Campbell, by cutting through the lower height of land for less than a mile, and sending the water from the new Great Lake through the Nipigon River into Lake Superior. The basin for the new lake, he says, already exists. There will be some embankments to be built up along certain stretches, but Mr. Campbell is certain that there is little low land, and that dragline operations will provide for any "fills" that may be required. Mr. Laut goes on:

"Disadvantages will be overbalanced by the immeasurable benefits that would accrue to the Great Lakes section, and more particularly to Ontario. To-day the city of Chicago is diverting through its drainage canal the equivalent of a river one-third the size of the Mississippi. The Chicago diversion is now affecting transportation clear to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and the stranding of two ocean liners on their way to Montreal bears witness.

"Lake navigation to-day is only 75 per cent efficient, because of the fact that vessels loaded to full capacity scrape bottom in almost every lake harbor and channel. Plans for the expenditure of millions are now being forced upon various communities and an enormous amount is being spent to keep the avenues of these great inland seas open for safe navigation.

"The Campbell plan for the restoration of lake levels contemplates the bringing into the lakes of a volume of water sufficient to make unnecessary further harbor expenditure, and the canceling of large annual grants now devoted by the Federal Governments to keeping open the way for navigation.

"The developments of hydro-electric power at Niagara Falls and other present and projected sites each would receive from the 'Sixth Great Lake' at least 500,000 horse-power, and this benefit in itself, it is contended, would well reward the province of Ontario for the area required for flooding.

"'Perhaps the project is too big to be grasped without

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considerable investigation,' said Mr. Campbell, 'but I am bold enough to state after careful research on the ground and over the streams concerned that it is entirely workable and feasible. Long before the idea of coupling this water system with the Great Lakes came, it always struck me how purposeless and how useless was the flow of this great volume of fresh water into the salt waters of Hudson Bay. It could never affect the navigation of the Arctic, and it would be an immeasurable boon to both countries could it be turned to the use of the navigatory, powers and drainage interests of the Great Lakes.

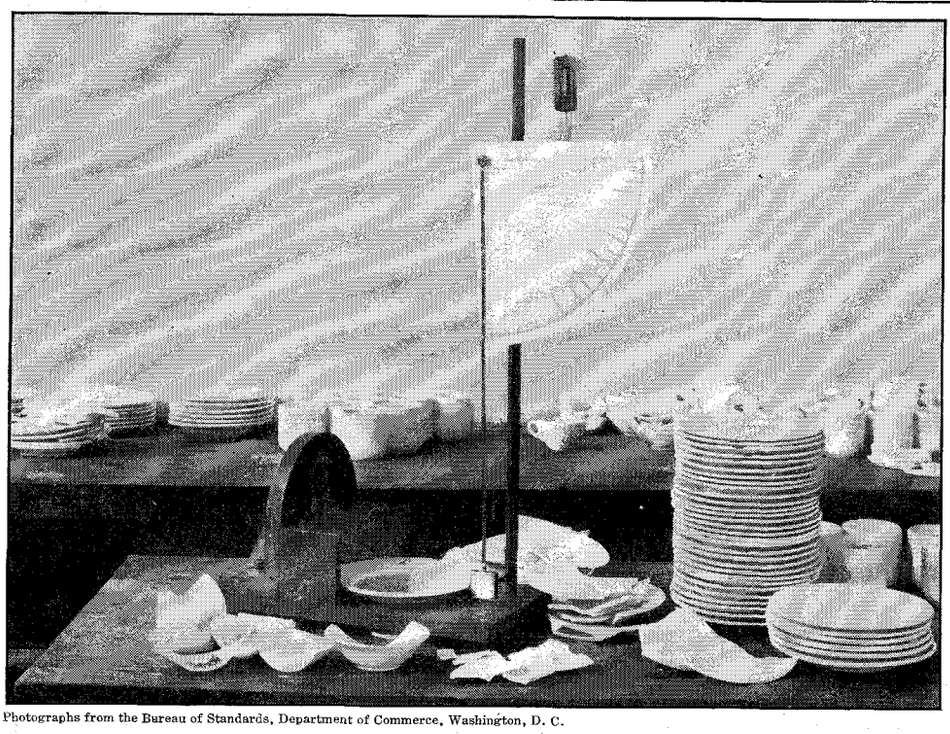
"'It is remarkable to me that little more than a half-mile separates us from a portion of the Great Lakes system—Lake Nipigon and the Nipigon River—which drains into Lake Superior. First you would have a new lake with an area of at least 15,000 square miles, and a daily flow almost double the amount legally diverted by Chicago. Second, you would create a new carrying capacity for Great Lakes ships and automatically bring about a decrease in lake freight rates. Third, you would cut down or wipe out entirely the enormous annual outlay for the dredging of channels and harbors. The benefit to the entire fresh-water system would extend from Duluth clear to Quebec.

"'The fourth benefit is the enormous gain in water-power. The available supply at Niagara Falls and other power sites would be increased by at least a half-million horse-power. The St. Lawrence power project would be made greater.

"'The province of Ontario, in addition to the benefit to shipping in which she would share, would have an immense amount of power added to her hydro-electric system. And the clearing of the timber from the area affected by the new lake would mean the employment of 20,000 men for from six to seven years. All the timber over the area would be cut and boomed before the water rose. Then it would be floated to pulp and paper mills, which would have to be built to accommodate it. There would be 8,000 square miles of timber to be cut, and in addition a large new area would be opened up along the shores of the new lake. This would mean the biggest industrial development in Ontario for many years, as the largest mills in the world would be required to handle the supply available after the land was cleared.

"'I have made rough estimates showing that everything could be done for $150,000,000 to $200,000,000, or less than one-third the cost of the Panama Canal, even less, in fact, than some of the great irrigation schemes. This could be divided, as to annual charges, among the two Federal Governments and probably certain of the States and provinces.

"'My hope is that sufficient interest may be aroused in my proposal to bring about an investigation by an international commission appointed for the purpose by the two Governments. My conviction is firm after a survey of many hundreds of miles that northern Ontario holds the key to restored lake-levels, the lifting of a great financial burden and a richer prosperity for the people of the two countries involved.'"



Photographs from the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

HOW STRONG ARE YOUR DINNER PLATES?

This machine determines the strength of chinaware. The sample is struck by the pendulum swinging through increasing arcs until the dish is broken. Other experiments are described in the article opposite.

CRIPPLES AS CHAUFFEURS

A DISABLED DRIVERS' MOTOR CLUB is the latest development in England. In the course of a recent letter to *The Times* (London), its chairman, Mr. B. H. Austin, pointed out the difficulty of finding a definition of physical disability such as would debar a person from the right to drive a car. Some years ago he underwent amputation of both his legs, but nevertheless he has covered an average of 20,000 miles a year in his car, and offered to drive a magistrate, who appeared to believe in physical tests for motorists, either through the city at mid-day or at any speed he liked at the Brooklands race-track. Says *The British Medical Journal* (London), in a discussion of the matter:

"Mr. Austin drives his cars in the ordinary way by means of his artificial limbs. The members of his Disabled Drivers' Club are mostly deficient in one or two limbs. Blindness is probably the only defect which can be said certainly to be a bar to motor driving. Deafness need not incapacitate, since the deaf can train their eyes to greater perfection than the ordinary man attains. Defect in limbs, either from amputation or paralysis, does not necessarily disqualify, as Mr. Austin has shown. There remain for consideration certain diseases or conditions, such as heart disease, epilepsy, apoplexy, alcoholism, neurasthenia (which in police courts appears to have some affinity to alcohol), insanity, and old age. None of these conditions seems to be sufficiently amenable both to diagnosis and prognosis to make systematic examination of motor-drivers justifiable.

"It may be agreed that a man with aortic disease or angina pectoris, an epileptic, an insane person, and perhaps a man who has had a stroke, ought not to drive motor-cars. But the number of such persons who attempt to do so must be small, and the number of such persons who become involved in accidents still smaller. And tho serious heart disease or the paralysis following a stroke are detectable, how is the epileptic or the madman to be made to give himself away? As for the alcoholic, the neurasthenic, and the aged, few medical men would care to fix limits in these conditions within which driving might be considered safe.

"If a man of eighty is to be barred because of his age from jog-trotting into the neighboring village in his light car, why not make searching inquiries about the man who may have happened on some occasion to go to sleep at the wheel? It would probably be useful if the medical profession told the public authoritatively that in certain circumstances a man should refrain altogether from driving motor-cars. Such circumstances might include liability to angina pectoris, to epilepsy, and a previous attack of apoplexy. With such information sufficiently disseminated any sufferer from one of these conditions who caused an accident could be properly dealt with.

"As for the alcoholic and the neurasthenic, the medical profession may prefer to leave the fate of these persons to the wisdom of individual police-court magistrates. If a man can not recognize that he is too drunk or too 'nervy' to drive, he has himself to blame for his lack of judgment."

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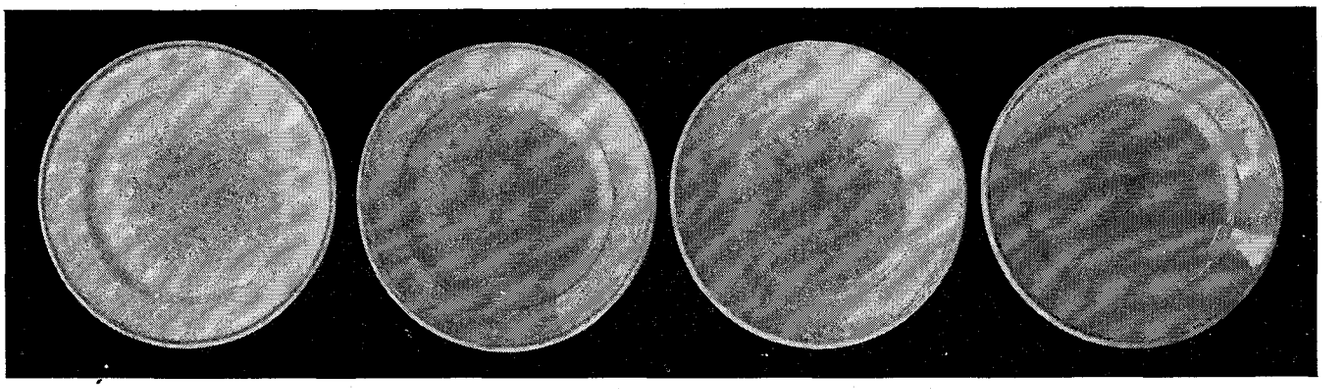


HOW MUCH HARD USAGE WILL THE GLAZE ON YOUR CHINA ENDURE?

These plates have been tested for hardness of glaze by exposure to a stream of sand falling at a constant rate from a measured height. The amount of abrasion is measured by changes in the amount of light reflected. American china has proven superior to French and German makes.

WANTED—UNBREAKABLE DISHES

THE AMERICAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION, restaurant keepers, and the United States Army have been gathering statistics on the cost of the breakage of their dishes. The results, now announced, indicate, we are told in the New York *Times*, that doing business with crockery is expensive. One Eastern hostelry spends $60,000 annually for dishes and glassware to replace those broken. A Chicago hotel reports that it spends $35,000 each year for imported chinaware alone. Hotel and restaurant managers say that they must allow for breakage of 20 per cent. of their dishes each year. Those who have studied the situation say that if the losses from dish-breaking of the public dining-rooms in the United States could be tabulated the total would run into the millions of dollars. Breakage in homes was not computed. We read further:

"The Hotel Association is now cooperating in experiments at the Bureau of Standards ceramic laboratory to find a way to make dishes that will be less easily breakable. The army, before the agitation of the Hotel Association, sought to learn of better specifications for crockery. To make the present experiments productive of the widest possible benefit to industry, the scientists have included an exhaustive test of glass—window-glass, plate glass and shelf glass. Architects, engineers and builders are watching these experiments.

"A machine to test glass has been constructed that is capable of exerting a pressure of 100,000 pounds. It is so built as to smash pieces of the most resistant wire glass. A special pressure-measuring gage keeps track of the power necessary in each case to break the glass. Apparatus contrived for determining the wind pressure on window-glass may produce results of value to architects. The glass is subjected to water pressure so regulated that it duplicates the vagaries of strong winds.

"Strips of all kinds of glass used in the arts and industries are also subjected to strength tests. A saddle is suspended over the unsupported middle of the glass. This saddle is connected with a swinging arm similar to the ordinary scale arm. A standardized bucket is placed on the far end of this arm, so that it will catch all the shot that flows from an adjoining shot tower when the gate is opened. The shot pouring into the bucket that rests on the scale beam, which in turn is fastened to the saddle, exerts a constantly increasing strain on the glass. When the glass breaks the shot bucket drops and hits a trigger that automatically stops the flow of shot. The transverse strength of the glass is determined in this way.

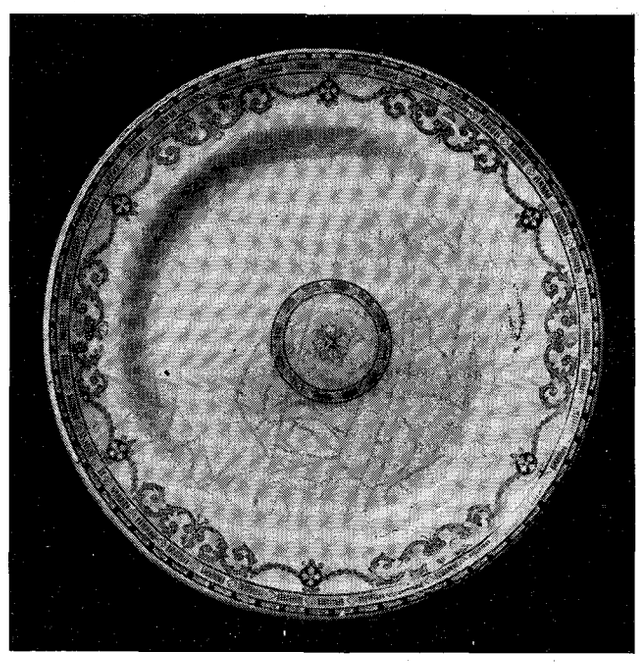
"In testing the relative strength of various kinds of crockery submitted by hotel associations and crockery makers, different machines are used. The pendulum with a steel ball attached and a scale showing distance as well as hitting power is used against the plates, and an adaptation of it against the glasses and tumblers. The investigators say that a tumbler that can stand the test without breaking could be dropt four feet upon a concrete floor without damage.

"Study is also given to the 'cobweb cracks' that occasionally appear in dishes. Detailed tests are made with porcelain and enamel ware to determine their durability. Many thousand plates and more than 6,000 samples of plate glass, as well as innumerable kinds of china and crockery, have been broken in the tests.

"A kindred investigation conducted by the Bureau of Standards is a close study of milk bottles. In the manufacture of milk bottles needless expense is incurred under present conditions because of a lack of uniformity in sizes and markings required by the different States. To eliminate this source of waste the Bureau of Standards is testing various bottles to establish specifications for the container that best meets all requirements. These standards, will be the result of study and agreement among manufacturers, dairymen and legislators.

"Investigators point out that there are twenty-three sizes of milk-bottle caps, and the variety of bottles is even greater. Such confusion means great expense, ultimately borne by the consumer. Manufacturers of bottles are compelled to keep on hand expensive molds with various markings, in order to make bottles to suit the legislation in each State. One State requires a bottle to be filled to within a quarter of an inch of the cap, while another states that the bottle must be entirely full, others allowing varying degrees and standards of contents and size.

"The tests have established the superior strength of American-made glassware and crockery. French and German china has not been able to withstand so well as American china the abuse and the sudden changes of heat and cold such as commercial dish-washing machines exert."



THE COBWEB EFFECT ON USED CHINA

These cracks are produced by repeatedly plunging the plate into water after the plate has been heated. According to the Bureau good chinaware should not show this effect in less than five quenchings.

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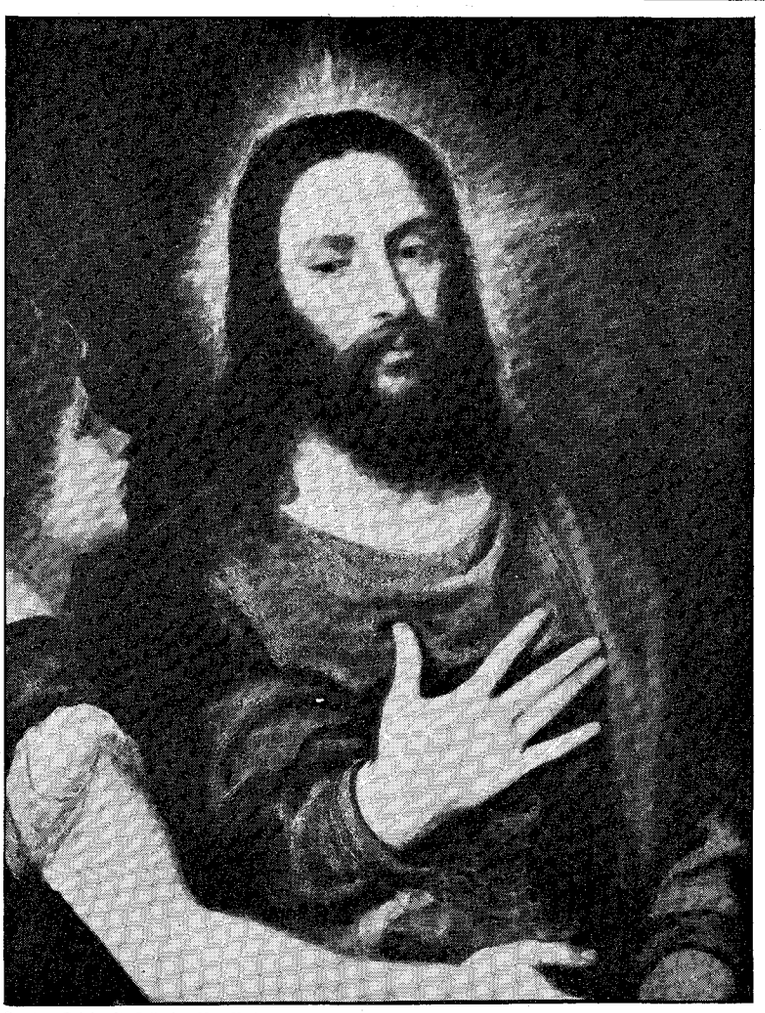
A TITIAN OF FIRST RANK WON BY MINNEAPOLIS

NOT TO SPEAK MERELY in terms of its great price of $200,000, the new Titian acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts sets a milestone in the art history of America. This great master, whose life was somewhat fully sketched by us in comments on the cover of our issue of November 28, is now represented in America by an example that compares with some of those in the great European galleries. In a monograph by Raymond Henniker-Heaton, published by the Reinhardt galleries, we learn the provenance of this painting and acquire some comments on its artistic qualities. First as to the picture itself:



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries, New York

WON FROM BERLIN: "THE TEMPTATION"

A Titian of first rank acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, after a competition with Dr. Bode of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

"The picture portrays Christ tempted by a handsome youth who holds in his extended hands a stone and challenges Christ to perform the miracle of turning it into bread, thus giving to the tempter proof that he is the Son of God. The head and shoulders of Christ are painted almost in full light against a dark green-blue background, relieved by the bright light which encompasses the head. The hair and beard encircling the face are dark brown and the flesh is refined in color and painted in a light key. The outspread hand rests across the body, and the left hand is partly visible but in lower tone. The tunic is purple and the mantle blue. A white undergarment shows above the tunic and is again visible on the wrist. The youth, of whom the head, shoulder, arm and hands are visible, leans forward with upturned face. He stretches out his hands, holding the stone before Christ. The boy's hair is rich light brown, and the face and arm are painted in warm golden color. The part of his tunic showing on the shoulder and upper part of the arm is bronze and white.

"'The Temptation' was painted about 1530. One picture very close to it in technique, and executed during the same period, is the 'Mary Magdalene' in the Pitti Palace in Florence. The type of Christ's face is one to which Titian adhered very closely. We find it in similar pictures such as 'Christ at Emmaus,' in the Louvre, 'Christ with the Globe,' in the Vienna Museum, and 'Bust of Christ,' in the Pitti Palace in Florence. But the most important work in which it is to be seen is the 'Tribute Money,' in the Dresden Gallery, a picture with the same theme as 'The Temptation.' The Minneapolis painting, without having the superlative unity in design of the Dresden picture, has, in addition to a characteristic attractiveness, which accords a work by Titian a greater public interest, a wider range of Titianesque qualities in both color and style. When we find a work of art possessing qualities easily understood, and arrived at without concession to esthetic character, we have the most desirable acquisition a public gallery can make. Each face in 'The Temptation' is likely to meet universal approval. In Christ's there is generalization with extraordinary penetration. The features are at once noble, human and impersonal. The radiating light at the back of the head illumines and gives dramatic spirit to the dark greenish-blue background, and accentuates the rich and fine texture of the hair. The head, well constructed and with firmly but delicately chiseled features, has majesty and simplicity. The extended hand expresses the passing thoughts and feelings indicated in the face. Both are painted with much refinement in a high key and with color of extreme purity. The surface is smooth and subtle in its warm tone. The hand, fully lighted and sensitively drawn against the purple and blue drapery creates an effective arrangement of color.

"Titian was fond of introducing into his pictures a figure in an inquiring attitude. The contrast between the golden tone of the boy's head, which is modified in tone by glazes, and the cooler color in Christ is marked. How Titianesque is this youth! The luminosity of the flesh, his fair hair, and bronze-colored tunic, contribute warmth to the rest of the picture, which is painted in cooler and more delicate color."

Dr. Wilhelm Bode, Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, places this as the pendant and companion to the "Tribute Money," another canvas by Titian hanging in the Dresden gallery. There Christ is tempted with gold by an aged, bearded man. "The Temptation" is not only the same in theme as the Dresden picture, but also similar in composition and drawing, and even perhaps more colorful. It came into possession of the Orleans family early in the eighteenth century. In 1793 the Orleans pictures were sold to a Brussels banker and shortly afterward passed to England, where a syndicate composed of the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Carlisle and Lord Gower were the purchasers. Afterward it was acquired by an Englishman

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named T. Hope, a distinguished connoisseur, who owned a fine collection of Italian pictures. Quite recently the picture came to light again, and Dr. Bode and Dr. Friedlander tried to acquire it for the Berlin Museum. Not having the large purchase price they offered in exchange a number of their pictures by important masters. The German Government, however, vetoed the negotiation. "Dr. Bode, commenting upon this failure, says that in his fifty years of curatorship of this museum, it has always been his greatest wish to acquire a Titian of the importance and rank of this picture, that this is the first and only opportunity he has had to gratify his desire, and that he greatly regrets the failure to acquire it."

RODIN'S UNRULY PUPIL

THE MASTER whom many American students of sculpture journey to Paris to study with has now come among us in his own works. The mountain comes to Mahomet and it is seen to reduce somewhat of its altitude, at least in the opinion of those American critics who side with the French opposition. Emille Antoine Bourdelle, the sculptor whose work is now for the first time shown in any mass in America, was the pupil of Rodin, who departed from the master's tradition and created a school of his own. Rising up in opposition to so potent a genius as Rodin he found his way not easy, even in a land which cherishes its own artists as does France. It is not strange then that Bourdelle should find here also some dissenting voices. France, with the rest of the world, says Helen Appleton Read, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "was so completely under the domination of the Rodin tradition that the very idea of a new sculptural tradition, and moreover one emanating from a pupil of Rodin, was inconceivable." From this as a starting-point, Mrs. Read, in her long notice of the sculpture shown last month at the Grand Central Galleries, gives first some points of contrast between the two men:

Courtesy of Carnegie Institute

THE MASTER'S HEAD

Bourdelle was Rodin's pupil, and this head shows what he thought of him.

"Rodin was the last of the great individualists. But he gave to sculpture an office for which it was not essentially fitted. Stone and bronze were for him mediums for philosophic thought or human passion —to search out the disturbing intimacies of the heart, unfathomable instincts and undiscovered passions was for him the office of sculpture. Rodin alone was able to do this. In the hands of men of lesser talent, frozen passion or embodied thought becomes ridiculous, and we have the many examples of anguished, distorted and intertwined forms emerging from rocks, which his work inspired. However, so great was his genius, so Olympian his domination that it was impossible during his lifetime to conceive of sculpture taking a trend other than that prescribed by him.

"But already the Rodin tradition is past. With Bourdelle sculpture has come back to the tradition of the great plastic periods of Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, Nineveh and Burgundy of the Middle Ages. Which tradition is that sculpture can not exist for itself but only as the handmaid of architecture; that it must be able to exist in any light, not depend upon certain specialized lighting, as was so often the case with Rodin's work. Bourdelle, pupil and collaborator that he was, was the first to throw over the Rodin domination and preach the doctrine of the dependence of sculpture to the wall—the first of the moderns to conceive, as did the ancients, of sculpture as an adornment to architecture and so re-relate it to the past. This return to the laws of monumental sculpture is the origin of his style. As the critic François Fosca says of Bourdelle's sculpture: 'A group by him is not a bouquet suspended from a tree, it is the actual flower born of the tree. It expands on its stone building, and can not be separated from it. Bourdelle finds in his way the great tradition.'

"Because Bourdelle has looked down the long corridors of the past and chosen for his inspiration the simplified forms of the hierarchical figures of Egypt, the geometric figures of the Chaldean reliefs, the sheathed figures of archaic Greece and the smiling Madonnas of the Gothic cathedral, he has been accused of too great borrowing, of being without a personal genius, of not knowing quite whither he is going. It is fairer to say that he rediscovers rather than imitates, that through a similarity of intention and a kinship with their spirit he creates along similar lines. If he must use his vast technical knowledge to remain purely plastic and simple, then these unknown temple builders had perforce to be simple because their technical knowledge and tradition was such that they could not be otherwise. They were obliged to make their sculpture subservient to the temple and palace, because they were employed as decorators and had not yet conceived for sculpture any other office."

The Bourdelle collection was brought to this country by Mr. Conger Goodyear, director of the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, and is now on exhibition in Pittsburgh before going to Chicago, Detroit and finally Buffalo. There are forty-eight pieces in the exhibition, minus, of course, the large monumental works impossible of transportation. To quote Mrs. Read again:

"The collection makes an impressive ensemble with the over life-size Virgin of Alsace in the center of the main gallery. This is a memorial to the return of Alsace and Lorraine to the mother country and is placed on the hill of Niederdruck in the Vosges Mountains. It is unfortunate for the general effectiveness of the exhibition that bronze and white plaster should have been shown side by side, in fact, that any white plaster statues should be included, since nothing so kills form, however fine and subtle it may be, than the deadly whiteness of plaster. The plaster should have been given a kindly patine.

"What are the qualities that strike the observer who sees Bourdelle's sculpture for the first time? A lyric, epic quality —a sensation of being transported to the heroic periods. Archaic is the phrase one hears most frequently used as the apotheosis of his work. But not forcedly, stylistically archaic. Not the sophisticated precious archaisms which pertain to so large an extent among the Prix de Rome men. Bourdelle is archaic because he is Attic and akin temperamentally and through circumstance of birth to those artists of a simpler time. His nymphs and goddesses are sisters of the smiling Orantes which adorned a primitive acropolis, his stiff-gestured dancers and spade-bearded warriors are similar to those in the geometric reliefs used to decorate the enameled palaces at Nineveh; his Madonnas might have stept from one of the thousand niches of Chartres. His works radiate a strange exciting aura of enchantment. Those mythological in subject seem to be animated with the very odor and color of the bright days of Hellas.

"Altho Bourdelle is primarily a maker of monumental ensembles, we see him in the present collection as a lyric and epic poet and modeler of extraordinary portrait busts. Either of these expressions alone would serve to place him in the foremost ranks of contemporary sculpture. Bourdelle's nudes and those of Rodin's make an interesting comparison. Bourdelle's are singularly chaste and lacking in the odor of sensuality, which is ever present in those of his master. Bourdelle's figures are nymphs and goddesses, while Rodin's are always women, name them what he will. Bourdelle's suggest the innocence of the golden age, while Rodin's are possest of satyrs and suggest the ecstasy of a very human embrace. It is as if the architectural discipline which Bourdelle imposed upon himself led to a like discipline of the spirit and the flesh. Strange that Rodin should so greatly have admired Bourdelle's nudes. He said of them: 'His sculpture is alive; it is Attic. From the Greeks he brings the last nuances of color.'"

Mr. Forbes Watson, writing in the New York *World*, has not the same tone of admiration. He rather gibes at American

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worship of foreign celebrities, and warns that "foreign artists who are idolized by American esthetes lose prestige by exhibiting their work to the general American public," which he turns into an argument for holding the exhibition:

"The American's opinion of a particular French artist is apt to be colored by the prestige of French art in general. And to lessen the debilitating influence of our esthetic snobs upon native production it is important to hold such exhibitions as the present and to publish as widely as possible the work, sayings and ideas of a European figure like Bourdelle. Our graduation from provincialism depends upon such exhibitions, upon reducing the Bourdelles of Europe from grandiose myths to rightly proportioned realities."

Courtesy of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

"OVERMANNERED AND TOO GERMANIC"

Was the criticism on Bourdelle's relief decorations on the façade of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Paris. He is "often stylistic to the point of affectation."

And Mr. Watson gives in his own testimony:

"The present exhibition, which includes in bronze and plaster reproduction a number of the most famous pieces made by Bourdelle, is sufficiently extensive to show Americans why the French have so often called Bourdelle an arranger rather than a creator. Obviously, Bourdelle is often stylistic to the point of affectation, as in the reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, but nearly always his better taste saves him from being as exaggerated or hollow as a Mestrovic. When the decorative reliefs were first placed on the Champs Elysées Theater they were criticized by his fellow-artists as being overmannered and too Germanic.

"The ability of Bourdelle, his tremendous energy and his genuine gift for sculpture would combine to make an overwhelming effect were it not that a creeping sense of doubt is created by his constant gesture of force. Whoever said that no man could be as great as Daniel Webster looked might also say that no sculpture could be as great as Bourdelle's looks. To-day, of course, due partly to the army of students that have proceeded from Bourdelle's studio, the archaistic is all the fashion, so that Bourdelle's sculpture finds a public predisposed toward it. Much of the archaistic drapery and other details in Bourdelle's work would look rather tricky if seen beside the profounder formalizing of the true archaic."

ARE BOOKS TOO COSTLY?

THE GANGPLANK SEEMS TO STIR men's minds to crucial thinking. What is the change from land to water or vice versa that produces this mental crisis? Men arrive from Europe with brand new opinions that the newspapers rush to print; or they go to sea with a backward glance of warning or menace. Mr. Winston Churchill put out the other day for Bermuda and warned the country at large that he would write no more novels. The reason for such a decision was not alleged and it may seem a *non sequitur* that Mr. Churchill followed up the statement with the charge that novels, or rather books in general, cost too much. This is a sort of challenge to publishers that they have not been slow to take up and answer. The fact is admitted. Book prices have risen along with those of other commodities; but if rising manufacturing costs are a burden to the publisher, rising salaries are a resource to the purchaser. The press thus quotes Mr. Churchill:

"The price of books to-day is beyond the reach of those who love them. A good book is to be cherished and kept and read and reread. People who can't afford to pay $2 or $2.50 for a book now must get them out of the public libraries. Something is lost. They miss the associations of good books and the pleasure of possessing them and rereading them at their leisure.

"I am fed up with the modern purveyors of books. People read them because somebody else says they are good, and they get others to read them. I won't turn loose the stories I have written for myself, to be sold at high prices to people who won't appreciate them."

On the economic side of the question, Mr. Robert McGlaughlin, business secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers, furnishes to the New York *World* some facts and figures little known to the public at large on the costs of introducing a book:

"The average novel sold in 1914 for $1.35; to-day it sells for $2, an increase of 55 per cent. In 1914 presswork was done for $1.75 an hour; to-day the price is $5 an hour, an increase of 186 per cent. in one detail of the cost of production. The entire cost of production of a novel to-day is 106 per cent. greater than in 1914. Thus, while the cost of production has advanced 106 per cent., the retail price of books has advanced only 55 per cent."

If Mr. Churchill was thinking about novels, the New York *Times* observes that the more important question concerns higher-priced works such as biography, history or travel:

"While many will agree with him in the belief that $2 or $2.50 is too much to pay for a novel, there are the lending libraries that for twenty-five cents or so will let most of us have all we want of most novels. Where the public suffers is in the field of the solider books—travels, memoirs, histories, and the like. Hardly any of these can be bought for less than $5, and many of them, being divided into two or more volumes, cost from $6 up to $12 and sometimes more. These are prohibitive prices for the majority.

"Just why these larger books should be so expensive is not revealed to the uninitiate. Possibly the only reason is that the publishers and the authors need the money. Some think that both would get more money if they did not ask for so much from each potential buyer, and there is always the lurking hope on the part of the public that some day it may be possible to do here what is done habitually in France with books of all sorts—publish them in paper covers and very lightly sewn, to be put in permanent form by the buyer later if he chooses to do it."

An answer to this further objection is offered by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"A beautiful reversal of a universal business principle is

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proposed in the book trade. It is that the better the book the cheaper the price for which it is sold, should be the rule. That applies, economically, to only one book, the Bible, whose prodigious circulation is assured. It would indeed be ideal if all manufacture and distribution could profitably be undertaken on that plan. Then we would have announcements like this:

"'Best grade flour, $4 a barrel; poorer grades from $6 to $10 a barrel. Tailor-made suits, silk lined, latest style, $18; ready-made suits with cheap linings and of inferior materials, $50 to $125. Genuine silk hose, all the latest shades, best makes, 75c a pair; poorly finished, part cotton hose from $1.50 to $4 a pair.'

"Book values are hard to fix equitably, when the publisher is ignorant whether or not their contents will create a large or small demand. In the matter of novels, now in controversy since Winston Churchill has refused to print new ones he has written because the two-dollar standard price is in his opinion a practical bar to the wide circulation of what newspaper men call 'good stuff,' there are things which might be said on both sides.

"But perhaps established publishers know best for what price they can afford to assume the risks of publication. When it is said a novel costs only from sixteen to eighteen cents a copy in editions running into the hundreds of thousands, the profits are large. If gifted authors want their stories sold cheap, let them get dollar-a-book publishers, if they can. Then quality and genius will sell for less than mediocrity and inferiority, which might be a good thing in some cases, altho it is a notorious fact that in all things material or spiritual the better is always worth more than the worse. But after Mark Twain's experience as a publisher, authors have been shy about publishing their own works."

If Mr. Churchill's remedy is price-cutting he has an answer in the experiment tried once before and now reported on by Mr. Charles Phelps Cushing in *The Independent:*

"To get at the crux of the matter as quickly as possible, I paid a call on one of the biggest wholesale book firms in the land. There I encountered an unemotional business man who prefaced his remarks by declaring that to him books were as so much cordwood; he sold them just as dispassionately as he might sell hardware. He further confessed that he never read book reviews. He had been in this trade half his life, but the one serious crisis he had seen it face was some time back, eighteen or twenty years ago, when motion-pictures and the 'wireless' first began to demand serious attention. That crisis, however, was not concerned with any menace from these mechanical rivals. A cutthroat price-slashing was then the peril of the book business. When it was ended, the prosperity of the trade began to improve, and with only slight fluctuations the 'curve' had gone steadily upward ever since. So far as he could ascertain, the radio and the movies had not cramped to any appreciable extent the growth of book sales. In fact, tho fewer titles were being issued now than twenty years ago, many more books were being sold. But in the way of general trends it appeared that the sales of popular novels were 'just about holding their own,' bolstered up by the heavy demand for those 'six-bit reprints you buy in the drug stores.' In the classification, however, of what the trade calls 'serious books' a tremendous new activity was evident, especially since the war. The thing of paramount importance was the great increase in the number of booksellers.

"'Where there used to be one store in a small city,' he said, 'now there are two; and the rivalry is healthy. New York City has three or four times as many bookstores as it used to have. Most other cities have twice as many; and we are exerting every effort to see that any Main Street which hasn't a book outlet gets one as soon as possible. We estimate now that we have upward of 10,000 stands selling books. And because of these stands, the book trade flourishes in the face of radio and movie competition. Except for these numerous new outlets—twice as many as we used to have—we might now be facing a crisis. But the fact is that we aren't.'"

Courtesy of Carnegie Institute

IN THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

Or almost so, is this bronze head of Apollo by Bourdelle.

Courtesy Grand Central Galleries, New York

THE POLISH POET AND EXILE

Mickiewicz (1798-1855) portrayed in the Rodinesque manner.

THE COVER—Peter Paul Rubens, whose canvas forms the decoration for this week's cover is represented here in one of his supreme characteristics—opulence. Even his cherubic children, his fruit and flowers, partake of that tumulose quality which is seen in his wide-spreading canvases, mainly of women. The whole earth seems to speak of rich living beneath his brush. He was born in Siegen, Westphalia, June 29, 1577. He attended school in Antwerp and studied under Verhaegt, a mediocre landscape painter, from whom he passed to Adam van Noort, and later Otto van Veen. The last-named initiated him into the qualities of the Italian School and induced him to make the journey to the south, where he made copies of the old masters. His first commission, which was the "Adoration of the Magi," now in the Madrid Museum, came from the city of Antwerp. Religious subjects frequently engaged his brush. One of the greatest of these is "The Descent from the Cross" in the Antwerp Cathedral. Around 1615 he painted "The Madonna Surrounded by Children," now hanging in the Louvre, and also "The Children with a Fruit Garland," the subject reproduced on our cover, which now hangs in the Pinakothek, Munich. His works are numerous and deal with mythological as well as religious themes. They are to be found in almost every leading gallery of Europe. His representations of the human figure, too full blown for some tastes, are yet expressive of the vigorous, if somewhat gross, life of the race from which he sprung. "In power of invention he can be compared only to Dürer and Rafael. The lofty strain of his composition, his extraordinary facility of production and sensuous brilliancy of color, his inimitable treatment of the nude, and wonderful luminosity of flesh tones, exercised a far-reaching influence upon his contemporaries and disciples which was felt in Flemish art for more than a century, extending to every branch of painting." So the article in the "New International Encyclopedia" summarizes this painter. Continuing this critic adds:

"In the nineteenth century he proved an inspiration to the Romanticist movement not only in Belgium, but in Europe. Of his extremely numerous pupils Van Dyck was the most famous and Theodor van Thulden was his favorite. The number of his paintings exceeds 1,200. He also educated a school of engravers, which acquired fame through the reproduction of his renowned works, and a large number of drawings bear witness to his industry in that field also."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

METHODIST REUNION STILL "ON THE WAY"

METHODIST REUNION IS POSTPONED. That is the optimistic way in which some of the Methodist journals refer to the defeat by the Southern Methodists of the plan of unification recommended by the two General Conferences. Indeed, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, of the Chicago area of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is quoted in press reports as regarding the vote as "a great victory, inasmuch as this is the first time since the separation in 1844 that the churches have reached the stage of voting." The Northern Methodists voted overwhelmingly in favor of reunion. In the South the vote in the annual conferences was 4,528 for and 4,108 against, showing an actual majority in favor of the plan; but the Southern Church requires a majority of three-fourths, under which rule the plan was decisively rejected. Differences in tradition and in present view-point and the racial question are held to be the chief obstacles in the South to reunion. Dr. A. J. Lamar, senior publishing agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a member of the Alabama Conference, and said to be a strong opponent of the present plan of unification, says, according to an Associated Press dispatch, that the main obstacle to ratification was that the plan "does not provide for the settlement of two great questions, and makes no provision for a constitution for the United Church." He asserts that "the two branches of Methodism differ in their attitude toward the negro question and that the plan does not provide for the cessation of competition between the two denominations in the same territory, in other words, does not prevent building altar against altar." He adds: "I think that for the welfare of the future of Methodism in the South our people should accept the verdict of the annual conferences, regardless of whether it be for or against unification. The prosperity of Methodism in the Southern States in the future is vastly more important to my mind than the question of unification or non-unification."

Remarking that there are no important differences between the two churches in the matter of creed, and that they conform to almost identical religious practises, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* observes:

"If discussion in church papers is any indication, the difficulty is to be found partly in the fear of many Southern Methodists that the two churches can not reconcile their differences on the racial question, partly in the fear that the Northern church will not live up to the unification agreement and partly in the fear that the Northern church contains too many modernists. Whatever merit may attach to the second of these two arguments on historical grounds, it seems safe to say that in the first and the last one is to be found no permanent bar to unification. It is not to be denied that Southerners do not view the race question from the same angle as people in the North. Nor can it be denied that the South is on the whole more inclined to orthodoxy in religious belief than is the North. But other denominations have successfully surmounted sectional differences of this nature and it would, therefore, seem well within the range of possibility for the Methodists to do the same. The hostility to the plan of Methodist unification in the South will prove a source of regret to all who believe that in a reunited country the need for sectional divisions is at an end."

The plan started out propitiously, notes the New York *Christian Advocate*. It was framed in 1923 by the joint commission of fifty, with only three dissenting votes, all from the Southern group. The Northern General Conference in May, 1924, approved it by a vote of 802 to 13, and the General Conference of the Southern Church, on July 4, 1924, took similar action by a vote of 297 to 75. The Annual Conferences of the Northern Church approved it by a vote of, ministerial, 19,521 to 672; lay, 6,910 to 179, with a few precincts missing. "The one thing needful to validate the action and unite the long-severed branches of Episcopal Methodism," says this Northern *Advocate*, "was a three-fourths vote of the Southern Conferences. This has now definitely failed," and the plan, we are told with some bitterness, is "dead, stone dead." Who killed it? According to the New York *Advocate*,

"The plan has been defeated by a small but determined and influential group in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, including several of the bishops. They fought it with every available weapon, even including some ammunition not of Southern manufacture.

"The opposition did not stop with criticism of the plan. It attacked the basic principle of union and characterized the

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

By Marie Drennan

JESUS said, "I am the Light of the World."
Have you ever thought what He said?

Do you picture the red
Feeble spark
Of a lantern held out in the dark
As Holman Hunt painted it? . . .
Rather behold
The terraced clouds lined with gold,
The violet mist
That has kissed
The crag of the glacier where
It cuts into shimmering air!—
Or the old
Mellow moon, like motherhood holy and white,
Caressing the night—
The cold
Clean light of the stars when the snow
Lies soft on the meadows below—
The glow
Of the pendulous bronze lamps which hold
The tongues of prayer over a shrine—
The hope in the candles that shine
Far out on the world
To welcome us home to the fire, and surprise
The answering flame in our eyes!

Yet this is not all that He said.

For the light of the world
Is encurled
In the heart
Of a rose, is a part
Of the slim silver note
Of the cardinal's throat,
Is within
The fair silken skin
Of a child,
In the wild
Strong green of the tree,
The red blood in you and in me.
For if light were denied for a day,
We frail little things
That move upon wings,
That move upon feet,
That reach out in sweet
Leaves and blossoms, must wither away!

Jesus said, "I am the Light of the World."
Have you ever thought what He said?

—*Good Housekeeping (New York).*

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Methodist Episcopal Church as unfit for such a partnership. Hereditary animosities of the '40s and '60s were galvanized. The ashes of sectional prejudice were fanned into flame. The 'social equality of the negro' was made a bugaboo, and as a last resort it was represented that in Unification the Southern Methodists would find themselves unequally yoked up with unbelievers, so far, it was alleged, had the Northern Methodists departed from the faith of the common fathers. The Southern Methodist press has been editorially fair and even generous. But it has had to publish many contributions of an opposite complexion. The result of this agitation by pen and press and voice has been to exhume so many buried issues, generate such base suspicions, and reveal so much lurking prejudice as to amaze even those Southerners who had supposed that they understood their own people. The ministry, be it said, withstood the attack of the anti-Unificationists better than the laity. It is said to be the lay vote which has determined the result, and it is predicted that even in the Southern General Conference that meets next May the ministerial delegation will be predominantly Unificationist, in spite of all that has happened. The courage and persistency with which the ministerial leaders have carried on the campaign for the plan deserves high praise. Throughout the bitter conflict which has been raging south of the line they have shown a largeness of vision, an appreciation of the world situation, a generosity of spirit, and a confidence in their Northern brethren which makes us all the more eager for a closer fellowship. They were not willing to be outloved or outtrusted. Tho defeated, they have laid the foundations for another and more successful effort when next the gravitation of like mind and heart draws these two kindred Churches toward each other."

So, the New York *Advocate* remains optimistic, and believes that unification itself is not dead. "Our people," it says, "are committed to the basic idea. The South has come nearer than ever to accepting it. . . . More surely than ever, union, real union, is on the way." *The Central Christian Advocate* notes that where the two branches of Methodism are in closest touch, where they know each other best, the overwhelming vote of the sister church has been for "getting together." And speaking for itself, *The Central Advocate* says:

"Our own reaction to the voting in the Church, South, contains, as we search our own mind, little criticism of that vote. The motivating influence in the minds of great numbers of those who stept to the secretary's table and reported their vote in the sacred box was one of conviction, and by no means one of animosity. If in any case, among others, it was crass and unfair (as for example on the color question), that seems to us a childish propaganda which determined to put our church in a position absurdly incorrect. But that will vanish on acquaintance. Let's get acquainted."

Natural disappointment is exprest by *The Christian Herald* (New York), but it thinks it "useless to indulge in regrets and especially in criticisms." This non-denominational journal says:

"We find solace, however, in the reflection that the cultivation of fraternity and good feeling can go on unabated, tho unification fail. The application of force naturally creates bitterness and alienation and tends to drive the factions farther apart. Divisive questions may seem of little importance to the majority on either side; but voluntary unions, whether between two individuals or two churches, can not be perfect unless love be the controlling motive."

Meanwhile, a dispatch in the Boston *Herald* reports that "determined leaders of Northern Methodism are going to start the proceedings all over again as from the beginning. They are convinced that union must come ultimately and that without healing the breaches within the Protestant bodies themselves there can be no hope of realizing the ideal of church unity."

Courtesy of the Baptist Foreign Mission Society

OF MARTYR STUFF

Dr. C. H. Barlow, who swallowed flukes to learn how to kill them and thus save their victims in China.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"—

THE MARTYRS TO MEDICINE make up an army whose services to humanity are as limitless, we are told, as posterity. Recently six English doctors were inoculated with living cancer germs to test the Gye-Barnard theory that cancer is caused by a virus which is harmless without a certain chemical agent. They are still waiting to see. Now comes the story of an American missionary doctor who swallowed a quantity of flukes, an intestinal parasite which claims countless victims in China, in order to bring them alive to this country to be studied. Some years ago, writes Dr. James H. Franklin in *The Missionary Review of the World* (New York), Dr. C. H. Barlow was discharged from a sanitarium at Saranac Lake, New York, where he had been successfully treated for pulmonary tuberculosis, deliberately contracted in order to save a Chinese patient's life. Ready again to report for work in the mission field, he went to Dr. Franklin, who is secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and asked to be sent back to China. After spending a few months in post-graduate study at the London School of Tropical Medicine, Dr. Barlow returned to the field of his first adventure with death, and there began a study of the fluke. He was hampered by the lack of laboratory equipment and facilities. He pondered on how to get the flukes to a laboratory. The American immigration laws would not permit him to bring them here in the body of a sick Chinese. However, he did get them over, and later met Dr. Franklin, who carries on the story:

"'How did you get them over here?' I asked.

"'Well,' he replied, 'one Sunday morning when most of the assistants were at the church service, I took thirty-two of the flukes from the body of a patient in the hospital, put them into a tumbler, locked my office door, and drank them down.' The memory of the experience seemed very vivid to the doctor, and he paused for breath.

"'Did you tell any of the other missionaries what you had done?' I inquired.

"'No,' he answered.

"'Did you tell your wife?'

"'No. I did not tell any one. I boarded a ship and came to America.'

"I do not know how long Dr. Barlow allowed the flukes to multiply in his own body, but after several months he presented himself at Johns Hopkins University and told his story to the amazed experts, who gladly helped him to free his body of the parasites and to make a careful study of them. One of the experts with whom I sat at table on a Pacific liner last year told me that only one of the flukes survived the treatment given them at Johns Hopkins, and that Dr. Barlow slept and ate in the laboratory watching it lest the temperature change suddenly and something go wrong with the experiment. He had only one chance. In April, 1922, I found him back at Shaohsing working in his little laboratory.

"'Well, Doctor, have you found where that bug germinates?' I asked.

"'I think I have,' he replied.

"Then he explained that he had exposed all manner of things to it, but a single species of land snail which the Chinese eat as freely as we do oysters was the only article of food which did not seem to be immune when exposed to the germs of the parasite. However, he was a bit confused because of evidence of two forms of malignant life in that particular species of snail, and he was not sure which was which.

"'How will you determine?' I inquired.

"'I have swallowed number one, and if it works I will know which is which.'

"Moved by the thought of possibilities, I exclaimed, 'But that

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is dangerous, man.' 'So it is,' he remarked quietly, 'but the game is worth the candle.'

"When I inquired whether his wife knew what he was doing, he answered, 'No. You are the only person who knows anything about it.'"

Not thinking of anything more appropriate, he writes, Dr. Franklin remarked that the Mission Board would certainly stand by his wife and children if Dr. Barlow should not survive the fluke. Dr. Barlow chuckled, and said that a friend in Michigan, a life-insurance man, who knew of his adventures, had given him a policy just before he left America the last time. So, continues Dr. Franklin,

"Greatly imprest by his heroism, I asked a question regarding his convictions. He replied that he had some convictions, and added, 'This is my favorite passage of Scripture: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." No heaven for me with a harp and a crown. I want a heaven with some blue-prints in it—something more to do.'

"What came of it all? Dr. Barlow traced the parasite back to the species of land snail and advised the Chinese accordingly. Nothing less than the spirit of the Eternal Christ could have prompted him. Such sacrificial service must compel Chinese and others to inquire, 'In whose Name and by what power have you done this thing?'"

PROHIBITION BY MORAL SUASION

THAT BONE OF CONTENTION, the Johnson Prohibition report, has been picked over again by the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, and it is now decreed, according to press accounts, that all such reports hereafter must first be submitted to the Administrative Board for approval and possible correction. Moreover, the Executive Committee has decided that the Federal Council should keep out of the field of Prohibition enforcement and education. It will, however, we are told, continue to cooperate with existing Prohibition organizations, and is on record as approving services already rendered by those agencies. In the words of a resolution offered by Bishop James Cannon, of the Southern Methodist Church, the Committee "does not consider it expedient to enter the field of activity already authorized and approved by many of the constituent bodies of the Council." This decision was reached at the annual convention of the Executive Committee at Detroit, after the Johnson report had been severely larruped as a weak betrayal and warmly defended as a fair summing-up of the present status of Prohibition enforcement.

A chief advocate of the Johnson report was Dr. Charles Stelzle, authority on labor questions, Presbyterian minister and Prohibitionist, who appears to be of much the same opinion as the Rev. Frederick Ernest Johnson, author of the Prohibition report, on the present situation of Prohibition enforcement. "Prohibition, like Christianity, is not a failure, because it has never been really fully tried," he is quoted in the Detroit *Free Press* as saying. "The partial trial shows blessings which would follow real Prohibition." Prohibition, like Christianity, he says, "can not be made operative merely through law enforcement." In his opinion, "it must depend principally upon law observance, and law observance requires education of conscience. It can not be forced on the nation. The nation will accept Prohibition because it believes in the soundness of its philosophy and the social value of its observance." He argues:

"It will do no good to insist with irritating finality that because the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed in a perfectly legal way, the question is forever closed. It is not sufficient merely to insist upon obedience to the law. There should be more of an inclination on the part of Prohibitionists to rest the claim for observance of the Volstead Law upon its merits as a social measure.

"There are many people in our country to-day who want an honest consideration given to the subject of what actually constitutes intoxicating liquor within the meaning of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is not a matter of mere opinion. It is a demonstrable fact.

"It is absurd to say that one is necessarily opposed to Prohibition because one desires to know all the facts regarding its appeal and the possibilities of its enforcement and its observance by that very considerable minority throughout the country who are utterly opposed to the law as it now stands.

"Furthermore, it is a fallacy to assume that the acknowledgment that certain of one's opponents' arguments are true, and that he has made something of a case, necessarily degrades one's position or dishonors the cause which one represents. It is claimed by many Prohibitionists that they are engaged in a war and that only war tactics should be employed.

"There can be no question about the large amount of drunkenness which prevails throughout our country to-day. It may be seen upon the streets and in all public places. Liquor may be had in hotels. Indeed, one is solicited by bellboys and other employees, and the bootlegging industry has become so disgraceful that in some parts of the country it is practically bringing about the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. It has developed a bootleg aristocracy which will have a large place in governing us in the next generation."

What is mainly needed at this time, says Dr. Stelzle, is a campaign of education, and he suggests that the Federal Council should have the greatest freedom in promoting such a campaign. A serious effort, he urges, should be made to train our citizenship and to develop the characters of those who, in the last analysis, will determine whether the Eighteenth Amendment shall fulfil its purpose. Workmen, he insists, must be made to see the fallacies of the arguments presented by the liquor men from the economic standpoint; and the class spirit that has developed because they have been told that Prohibition favors the rich and discriminates against the poor must be wiped out. "It is," he believes, "no longer merely a question of temperance reform. It is more than a moral issue. It is mainly a social and economic question, and as such it belongs to the field of social service rather than to that of temperance reform." Bishop Cannon, however, did not favor the idea of the Council taking part in the campaign of education, saying, we read: "The Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. have done the work for forty years and are fitted to carry it on now. We are closely allied with them and can throw our support to them as we have done in the past."

Dr. Stelzle's frank statement occasions some congratulatory comment in the press. "In the last analysis, if not in the first," says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "strong public sentiment is what enforces laws. Many of our professional reformers still seem to think that laws and force are the main reliance. When they do that they injure their own cause and help prolong the baneful situation, as Dr. Stelzle calls it, which exists to-day." "It is a good thing," thinks the Buffalo *Post*, "when men like Dr. Stelzle realize that we can not make people Prohibitionists by invoking the use of the policeman's billy any more than by coercion we can make Methodists of Catholics or Democrats of Republicans." In the opinion of the New Haven *Journal-Courier:*

"If the failure of Prohibition to enjoy the full satisfaction of its promises has been recorded, it is not because it has not been tried with more resources in support of it than any law that was ever enacted, but because the spirit of its undertaking and of its performance has ignored in its fanaticism the very human forces upon which it must depend for its success. Whatever its moral merits and spiritual preconceptions, it can no be jammed down the throats of a free people by legal process, while, on the other hand, it is conceivable that, by being approached in a manner to slowly but surely win over the support of the people, it would secure general enforcement with no greater outlay in money and energy than is required to enforce any other law. The State of Connecticut had headed toward such a social condition under its local option system years before the Eighteenth Amendment was promoted. Is there, then, no other remedy for the evil upon which practically all are agreed than more and more severity in the enforcement of the Volstead Law? We believe there is, and that it is not so hostile to Prohibition as the Wheelerites believe."

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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE iron of the war entered into no poet soul deeper than into that of the poet here quoted from *The London Mercury*.

ALL-SOULS' DAY

By Siegfried Sassoon

Close-wrapped in living thought I stand
Where death and daybreak divide the land,
Death and daybreak on either hand
For exit and for entry;
While shapes like wind-blown shadows pass,
Lost and lamenting, "Alas, alas,
This body is only shrivelling grass,
And the soul a starlit sentry
Who guards, and as he comes and goes,
Points now to daybreak's burning rose,
And now toward worldhood's charnel close
Leans with regretless warning." . . .

I hear them thus—O thus I hear
My doomed companions crowding near,
Until my faith, absolved from fear,
Sings out into the morning,
And tells them how we travel far,
From life to life, from star to star;
Exult, unknowing what we are;
And quell the obscene derision
Of demon-haunters in our heart
Who work for worms and have no part
In Thee, O ultimate power who art
Our victory and our vision.

MODERN life induces and justifies such moods. *The English Review* prints it:

SOLITUDE

By Rex Ray

Grant me some nook where I may dream,
Some dainty wood or purling stream,
Where I may pass the dreary hours away
In solitude;
Some sweet secluded spot, near which I may
In silence brood.

Take from me thoughts of loss or gain,
Lest those of joy be mixed with pain,
And let no soul come near me to disturb
My solitude.
For I would be alone, mid moss and herb,
Where none intrude.

Then will I listen to the leaves,
And learn what all the feathered thieves
Can find to do with so much stolen time
In solitude.
I'll hark them tell each one his noisy rhyme,
With song imbued.

So would I wish to spend my life,
Away from all that leads to strife,
Jealous alone lest aught, by chance, draw nigh
My solitude.
So would I wish, alone, unseen, to die
Mid Nature rude.

NATURE indu'ged in moods of caprice apparently, in creating some of its amphibious creatures, and the creatures suffer accordingly when they are used to point a moral, like this case drawn from the London *Spectator*:

THE FLYING FISH

By Ella Guillemard

The silver fish that skims the wave
Believes that he could fly,
And, like the swallow, wheel and turn
And mount up to the sky.

Small silver fish, above whose home
The deep dark waters race,
He strives to rise above the sea
And wing himself in space.

He stretches out his silver fin
And rises up to fly
Till friendly waves do catch him back
And warn him not to try.

For who is he, that he may fly
And rise where others fail?
He only is a little fish
With silver fins and tail.

A SEMI-CONSCIOUS dream state will be recognized in this from the London *Spectator*.

FOUR CHILDREN

By Robert Graves

As I lay quietly in the grass,
Half dreaming, half awake,
I saw four children barefoot pass
Across the tufted brake:
The sky was glass, the pools were glass,
And not a leaf did shake.

The autumn berries clustered thick,
Seldom I met with more;
I thought these children come to pick,
As many picked before;
Each had a long and crooked stick,
And crowns of ash they wore.

But not one berry did they take;
Gliding, I watched them go
Hand in hand across the brake
With sallies to and fro.
So half asleep and half awake
I guessed what now I know.

They were not children, live and rough,
Nor phantoms of the dead,
But spirits woven of airy stuff
By wandering fancy led,
Creatures of silence, fair enough
No sooner seen than sped.

IF this in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) is an apostrophe to the grave, by the same token it is a bitter reflection on life:

THE HOUSE

By Monk Gibbon

Presently when the stir
Dies in the little street,
When I no longer heed
Chatter or passing feet;

When I have learnt to use
Window and door and bolt,
How to outwit the knave
How to expel the dolt;

No longer mocked by lies
No longer prey to fool,
No longer tyrannised,
I shall begin to rule.

Too much confusion now,
Too wild a discontent,
Too many voices heard,
Servants grown insolent:

Time to assert the will,
Time to make clear my choice,
Time to begin to speak
With a more certain voice:

Ordered at last throughout,
Ridden of bat and mouse,
Presently I shall be
Master in my own house.

THERE is a naive confession here that might suggest a sarcastic taunt to importuned editors, but the good faith of the disappointed poet is disarming. *The Quill* sets out to make the unpublished poem famous.

TO A REJECTED POEM

By Elizabeth Frost Reed

Just fourteen times I sent you far away
To editors cold-blooded. They hold sway.
The money that I spent on envelopes
And stamps I ill could spare. My buoyant hopes
However, would not down, and so I sent
You out each time with confidence, more bent
To have you recognized for what you are,—
A lilting lyric singing of a star.

Just fourteen times you have come back to me.
A pink rejection slip reads: "Poetry
Like this we do not need just now." I take
You up and kiss your creased face; I wake
Anew to your chaste beauty. Now at last
You find a home. Your wandering days have passed.
Child of my heart and brain, I paste you tight
Within my scrapbook out of critics' sight.

JUST how a lark sings must be unknown to the majority of us living in a larkless land. But here in *The London Mercury* is a suggestion of bird song that may be taken on faith.

LARK TINKLE

By Kenneth Ashley

I and my fathers,
Immemorial fathers,
Fathers,
Fathers,
Have sung above this croft
For years and years—
For years we've sung,
Our tiny hearts unshaken,
Shaken,
Shaken,
By tragedies that wring
Men's hearts with tears—
Men kind our kind
In cruel nets have taken
Taken,
Taken,
Men kind alone
Entrap themselves
With fears.

WHETHER the need at Sing Sing of a new building for prisoners' cells inspired this in *The Commonweal*, we do not know. Prison reform has not gone so far but that the hint here given may be taken in other places too:

PRISON CELLS

By Don C. Seitz

Six by three and a half,
And seven high;
Such are the holes in which
Men live and die.

Kennels for dogs are these,
Not human souls—
Even if black they be—
Paying their doles.

Wages of sin, say you,
Yea, and much more:
What part of all they pay
Lies at your door?

Until the cells grow wide
Justice will fail:
Men still have burning hearts
Though bound in jail!

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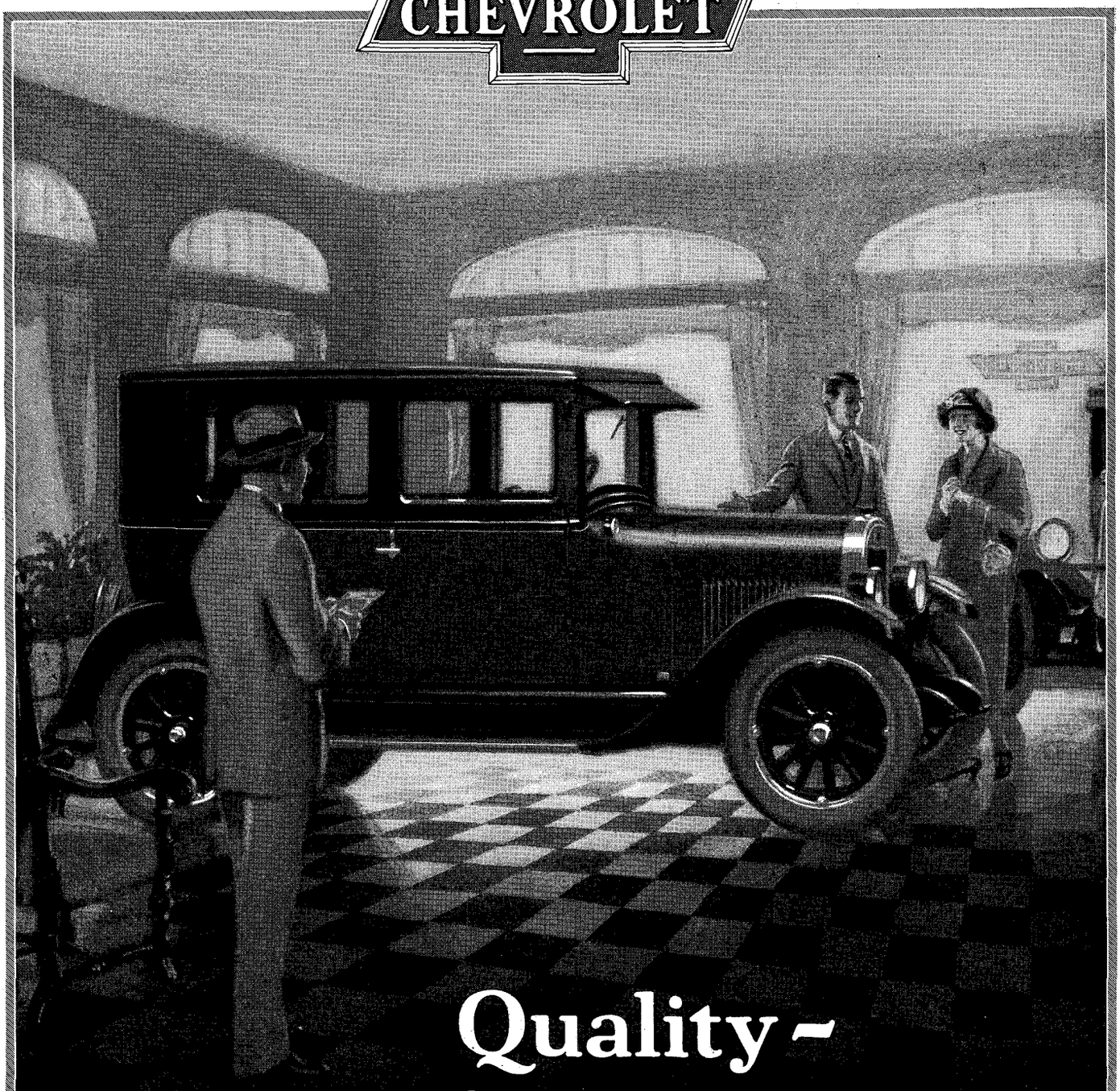

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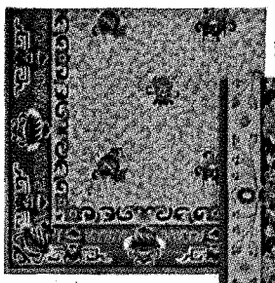
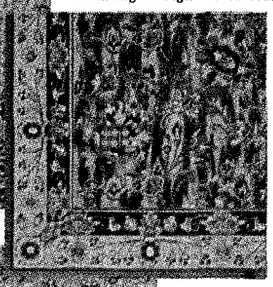
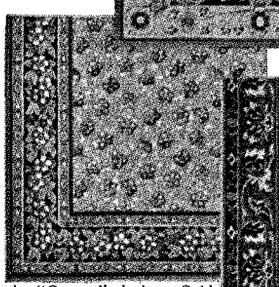


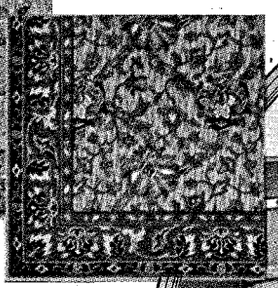
The pattern to the left duplicates a Chinese rug in the British Museum. It's the "Shantung" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 566.



This is the "Wiltshire" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 574. The background of rich watered blue and the old rose and black figure effects are unusually attractive.



Above is the "Cosmos" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 544—a dainty floral motif with taupe leaf background.



This gorgeous pattern is a reproduction of an English Wilton rug, and particularly well adapted to the latest styles of furniture and decoration. It's the "Jacquard" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 549.

"*THINGS Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs*," is an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce. It shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors and contains more detailed information regarding these labor-saving floor-coverings. A copy will be sent to you free on request.

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'Kashmir" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 562. This beautiful Chinese design in mulberry, gainst a background of warm buff is particularly well suited to bedrooms and living rooms. kitchen is shown the popular "Mosaic" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 408.

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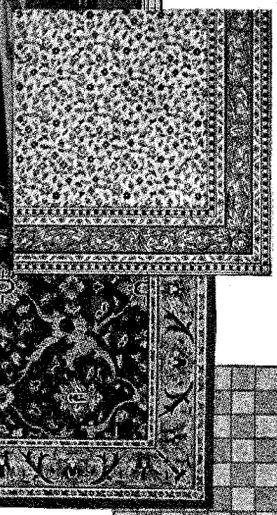
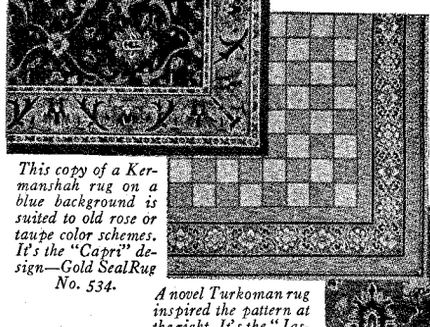
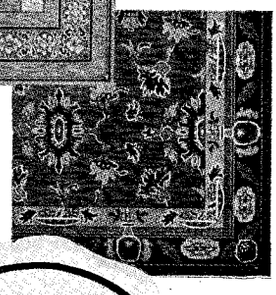


The delicate small all-over scroll and the pretty taupes and blues of this floral pattern make a very pleasing combination. It is the "Mayflower" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 379.



There is charm and a definite quality of good taste in this modern design of a brown and tan tile effect. It's the "Nassau" design — Gold Seal Rug No. 570.

This copy of a Kermanshah rug on a blue background is suited to old rose or taupe color schemes. It's the "Capri" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 534.



A novel Turkoman rug inspired the pattern at the right. It's the "Jasmine" design — Gold Seal Rug No. 538.

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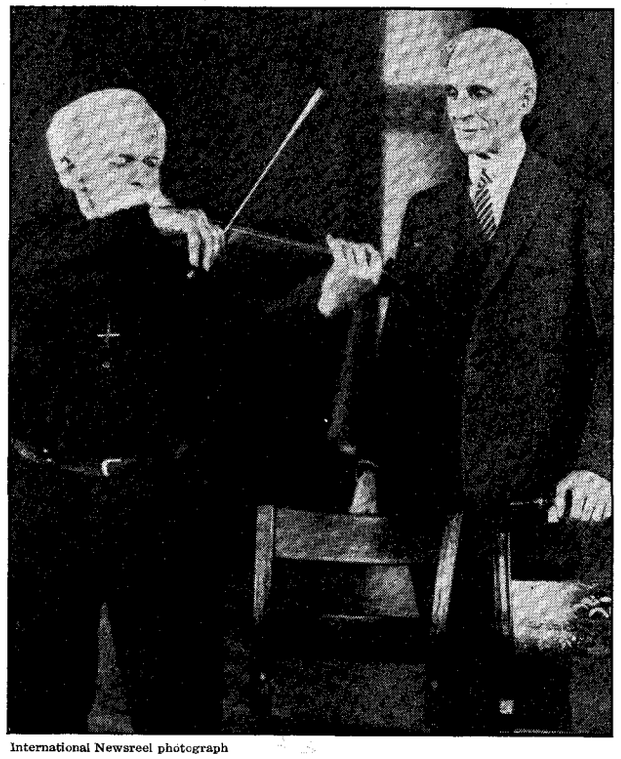
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

FIDDLING TO HENRY FORD

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

BUT MR. FORD BEATS OLD KING COLE at his own game. Not only three, but as many as thirty-nine fiddlers, he tells the world, have been bidden to Dearborn in the last year and a half to supply him with melodious ammunition for his war on Tin Pan Alley. For Mr. Ford aspires to revive the dances of our granddaddies, with all their innocent, neighborly cavorting, and he is going about it in the methodical, wholesale way that made Detroit famous. One can almost hear him say, with a slight change in the wording of a famous apothem, "Let me make a nation's dances, and I care not who makes its laws." And so, like a troubadour monarch of ancient times, he summons the rival minstrels to his court, thereby giving occasion for the trumpets of Fame to get busy. Witness the case of "Mellie" Dunham, the grizzled old Maine fiddler and maker of snow-shoes—he made the pair on which Peary reached the Pole—who has become a national celebrity by the simple process of fiddling for Henry Ford. His triumphal progress with his amiable better-half, attended by a sedulous entourage of reporters and photographers, has fixt the spotlight of publicity upon Mr. Ford's crusade as well as upon himself, and his engagement for a vaudeville tour at a handsome salary is expected to quicken a tendency that has already shown itself, they say, in favor of the old-fashioned dances. That tendency is acclaimed triumphantly in Mr. Ford's weekly, the Dearborn *Independent*, which doubtless reflects its owner's sentiment when it says:



International Newsreel photograph

TICKLING THE EARS OF THE MIGHTY

Mr. Ford's expression reflects the pleasure he takes in "Turkey in the Straw" and other classics of his youth.

One of the astonishing features of the autumn and early winter has been the wide-spread revival of the old American dances. After long neglect they are now discovered to be the very thing that a jaded generation has been looking for. The old music, the neighborly mingling of people in the square dances, the rollicking reels and joyous jigs, together with the vocal harmony of the calls, are all found to impart a pleasure which the more sophisticated of the manufactured dances and the synthetic music of Tin Pan Alley (N. Y.) can not give.

Twenty years ago the arrival of the new fad in dancing drove tens of thousands of mature dancers from the floor, and the more promiscuous methods adopted for public dancing drove the more reticent away altogether. Now, however, the older and more American dances return with a novelty they could hardly have had except for this rest of two decades. They come again as new, to both the old and the young. To the young they are, of course, all novelty, "the very latest." The play spirit, which the young have vainly sought in the newer forms, has been abundantly found in the classics of the other generations. The great triumph of the old American dances is that they have so overwhelmingly approved themselves to the younger American generation. This shows that both the dances and American youth are good at heart. More than that, it increases the sum of pleasure in this land, of which we have never had too much. We have learned to work, but we have somewhat neglected the equally important part of play. We are learning to play in the large-hearted, social and wholesome way of those whose characters and traditions shaped the nation.

Tho the dance has somewhat departed from our practise these recent years, it can not be said to have departed from our art, literature and music. It was never completely absent from our national thought of merriment and play. Its return argues a better balancing of life in other respects as well.

And the popularizing of the Ford idea seems to be making headway in the capable hands of Maine's champion fiddler, whose full name is Alanson Mellen Dunham, and whose rustic home is at Norway, Maine. Of Mr. Dunham's performance for the motor-car monarch we read in the Boston *Post*, in a dispatch from its correspondent who journeyed to Dearborn with the Yankee fiddler:

The seventy-two-year-old Pine Tree State farmer and snow-shoe maker from Norway, Maine, fiddled first on his battered old violin that he has played at country dances all over Maine, and then tried a Stradivarius owned by Ford. He played jigs and waltzes, bowing his beloved fiddle without a tremor of nervousness, and when he had a costly Strad and was making it do the "Campbells Are Comin'," he was just as much at ease as if he was fiddlin' for a home-town dance, such as he has been doing all his life.

Mellie's playing to-day was in surroundings such as he had never seen before. The beautiful conservatory of the Ford home is far different from the halls where Mellie has been used to playing. But the simple country gentleman with the flowing white mustache, who overnight has leapt into fame the country over by his being invited to come here and play for Ford, was no more disconcerted than he has been by any of the things that have happened to him since he left home last Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Grandma Dunham, and Professor and Mrs. Benjamin B. Lovett, formerly of Worcester and Hudson, Massachusetts, comprised the audience. Professor Lovett is the musician working with Ford in the automobile manufacturer's effort to revive the old-fashioned dances.

"He plays well," said Mr. Ford as he discust Mellie to-night. "He's just an old-fashioned fiddler, of course, but he played one waltz as good, that is, to my liking at least, as any I ever heard anywhere in the world, one of his own creations, 'The Rippling Waves.' He played all the tunes with which he won the championship, and I liked them very much."

Mellie played a second set of tunes for Ford after the little musicale that followed the lunch, and two which especially interested the manufacturer were another waltz and a varsovienne, the latter a dance of two movements.

"He played the varsovienne differently than they play it

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hereabouts," said Mr. Ford. "Dunham played the mazurka movement last instead of first, as I have heard it played."

Asked what he thought of Dunham's violin, Ford said: "It is a good one."

The Dunhams had a busy day to-day. This morning they were up long before any of the servants at the exclusive Dearborn Country Club, where they are quartered, and after breakfast they were taken on a tour of the Ford plants. Both of the old folks were amazed at the things they saw. They had never seen a large manufacturing establishment before, and the speed with which the Ford organization worked brought exclamation after exclamation from them. "Gram" nearly had to quit the trip, however, when they reached the glass-making works. The fumes of the sulfur and other chemicals started her coughing and tears rolled from her eyes. But she refused to quit and she was quite herself when she had lunched with Ford and his wife at noon.

Ford, when he spent more than an hour this morning with the three Boston newspapermen who are here with the Dunhams, disclosed that Mellie and his invitation to play here had considerably exercised the automobile manufacturer. He does not at all relish the fuss that has been made over the coming of the Dunhams. In fact, Mr. Ford said the invitation came only after Mellie had written him, telling of winning the championship, and then Mr. Ford, to quote his own words, "asked one of the boys to write and ask him to come here, as I have done with many other fiddlers whom we wish to study so that we may 'standardize' our revival of the old-time dances."

Ford's move to bring back the old-time steps is being conducted with the same thoroughness as to detail that has featured his production of motor-cars. His chat with the reporters from Boston this morning was followed by his doing a thing almost unprecedented in his plant. He personally invited and conducted us through the place, a courtesy which heretofore has been reserved for notables. After he had chatted at considerable length in his private office, he led the way out into the plant, and, after he had shown the various details of his remarkable printing-plant, where the floor is as spotless as a scoured plate, he led the way into the dancing-place at the end of the building, where he holds his old-time dances.

Frank Sibley, the veteran reporter from *The Globe*, told him the story of a ditty that is Sib's favorite. It is "The Wreck of the *Julie Plante*."

"I never knew there was a melody to that," said Ford. "By the way, have you heard the new Victrola?"

And, like a child showing a new toy, he selected a record and cranked the machine and commented on the various tones as the machine ground out its tune.

"By the way," he inquired of Sib, "can you play that 'Wreck of the *Julie Plante*'?"

Sib could and he did, and the auto king that they picture as a cold, distant sort of person sat with legs crossed atop the case of a dulcimer while Sibley played and sang the French-Canadian ditty and a couple of more songs. Ford sat back and smiled and beat time, and at the end applauded.

Something of the ancient fiddler's philosophy as well as his art is reflected by a writer in the New York *Times*, who made an earlier visit to the Dunhams in their home. He tells of his impressions after listening to "Turkey in the Straw," the "Devil's Dream," "Boston Fancy," "Rippling Waves," "The Campbells Are Comin'," and "Jingle Bells," as interpreted by the Yankee virtuoso. Concerning which we read:

The quick succession of dances create an atmosphere of swaying branches and of laughing sunshine. The whole room vibrated with rhythm. The short figure in blue denim overalls rocked to and fro, keeping time with the tapping foot.

"There," he said, lowering fiddle and bow with a flourish. "That's the way I played it. I hadn't quite finished the last piece when they called 'Time.' 'Rippling Waves' is my own composition. It's a waltz. I've made up lots of tunes—hornpipes, gallops and waltzes—just from watching people dance."

The violin was laid to rest. Mell dropt into a near-by armchair—the one in which he had been rocked as a baby. "I always loved music," the old man reminisced, "especially violin music. It's so pretty. When I was twelve I heard a boy I knew practise on his fiddle. I used to try it once in a while. His father heard me and made me a present of a fiddle. It was a cheap one, but I loved it. In those days a fiddle was thought to be next to the devil. My father wouldn't have let me play if he'd known I had it. But my mother was sympathetic—she helped me hide it, and let me practise behind the barn.

"No, I never took a lesson. I saw a picture once of Ole Bull, and I studied the way he held his violin. That's all I know about technique. I don't pretend to be a musician. I'm just a fiddler. Notes mean little or nothing to me. Everything I play, I've learned by hearin' others. One thing I do know, that's rhythm."

Mellie is a farmer. The gist of his reply to Mr. Ford's first letter was this: "I'll come as soon as I can. I live on a farm, and you know we farmers must get ready for winter." That is why Mr. and Mrs. Dunham could not fix the date of their visit to Dearborn earlier than December.

Mell had his chores to do. The meat had to be butchered; the larder had to be got ready for the long months to come. The farm—over 100 acres in size—has been in the family's possession for nearly a century, and the quaint old New England homestead with its wide door, flanked on either side by narrow glass panes, has housed Dunhams for an even longer time. When Mell's father moved from "up the road," the house followed him on rollers, drawn by twenty-five horses.

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LIKE THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

—John Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

Jazz music doesn't get "under the old fiddler's skin," to use his own words. "It has no rhythm and melody to my way of thinking. Perhaps they're all right, but I don't think much of these modern dances. This jazzing is not so good for young people. It lets 'em loaf too much. They ought to be kept movin'—you know what I mean. Harry Lauder's got the real stuff."

At the mention of syncopation his face became a blank. "I said I was no musician. There was a time, you know, when they said of mosquitoes that they were as thick as fiddlers in hell. They may be able to say that there are still plenty of mosquitoes on earth, but I'm sure there are fewer fiddlers goin' to hell—at least of the old-fashioned kind. They are droppin' away, and the new ones can't play the same."

But Mellie has great faith in the younger generation of to-day. And he ought to know, for he has nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Moreover his wife agrees with him, judging from this:

"The boys and the girls that are growin' up now are a fine lot." It was Mrs. Dunham who was speaking. "The girls are much healthier, with their low necks and short sleeves, their skirts fourteen inches off, no corsets, and their bobbed hair." (Mrs. Dunham herself is in the fashion!) To all of which the male member of the family nodded his approval.

But according to him, modern young people do not have as good a time as young folks did in the old days. In the era of "kitchen whangs," parties began at eight o'clock, after supper. Anywhere from six to twenty couples would be invited. In the winter they would come across the snowy roads in their sleds, while in the summer they would jolt over the ruts in carts or come on horseback. "Break-downs" were always held in the ample, immaculate kitchens, where New England hospitality was freely dispensed.

Dancing continued until ten, or thereabout; then followed an

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intermission. Couples had time to flirt. Supper was served—pie (in season), doughnuts, baked beans and many other delectable dishes—and the fiddler was given a chance to rest. After that they returned to their rollicking jolly dances, and more often than not the sun was peeping over the hilltops when the merrymaking came to an end. "Nowadays they stop at twelve and one o'clock." It was said in a tone of pity.

Round dances in vogue at the "kitchen whangs" were the waltz, the polka, the schottische and the varsovienne. Most fun of all were the contra-dances.

"I can tell 'em all with my eyes closed," said Mr. Dunham—

P. & A. photograph

WHOOPING IT UP FOR THEIR OLD MINSTREL

And this demonstration by the kiddies of the little town was only one feature of a great popular send-off when Maine's champion fiddler started for Dearborn.

and his fiddle stealthily emerged from its box. In another minute Mrs. Dunham was on her feet—balancing, swinging, promenading with an imaginary partner.

Of a sudden the old farmhouse sitting-room seemed peopled with whirling couples—the men with their trousers tucked into high boots; the women, ample of bosom and small of waist, flirting their long skirts as they whisked about the floor.

The first bars of "Pop Goes the Weasel" calls the dancers to attention. They take partners and form into two lines, facing each other. The first couple is off, down the outside and back again; down the center and as swiftly back to position. The time is a gallop. There is a great freedom of motion; a swaying of hips and shoulders; a tossing of the head.

Then, "Hands around the lady!" calls the fiddler. The first couple is off again. Hands stretched until they meet and clasp. Advancing to the second woman, a man swings her half around to the left, so that she faces the place she has just quitted.

The music is bounding forward. "Pop!" At just the right moment she slips under the raised hands of the couple, and, pirouetting, is again in the spot from which she started. So it goes, until every one has had a chance, and the whole company has promenaded around the room.

There was no getting stuck, when our grandparents danced reels and quadrilles. With true social instinct they saw to it that no one was left out of the fun. Every lady was given a whirl. While the strain of "Pop Goes the Weasel" is repeated with the even monotony of a hand-organ grinding out the same tune over and over again, some one is caroling the words:

Pop goes the weasel,
It's all around the American flag;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel!

A nickel for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle,
That's the way, etc.

You may buy the baby clothes,
And I will buy the cradle,
That's the way, etc.

The tunes that live in fiddles like Mr. Dunham's are fast dying out. Here and there they have been captured and put down so that they may live for future generations. Their origin is, more often than not, entirely unknown to the men who have played them countless times; like Mellie, they have heard them on other fiddles and repeated them on their own.

Unquestionably, says the writer, many of the melodies and the steps of the so-called social group dances have come from England and Scotland. On the other hand, some of our country dances are a direct outgrowth of the American soil, having a quality all their own. And he remarks:

They embody the very spirit of fun-making. The movement is quick, and the rhythm so catching as to be almost hypnotic. These melodies were written to lure alike grandmother by the fireside and the girl not yet in her 'teens. If America has folk-songs they are to be found in these early and somewhat homely tunes, created (one could scarcely say composed) for the fiddle.

What could be more fascinating than some of the names given those simple dances that fell for the first time from some fiddler's bow by the roaring fire of a kitchen stove, or in a barn filled with the sweet scent of hay? Among the favorites of yesterday were "Boston Fancy," "Old Zip Coon," "The Green Mountain Volunteers," "Lady Washington's Reel," "Speed the Plough," "Weevily Wheat," "The Arkansas Traveler," and countless others equally quaint.

All last winter Mellie played at public dances, and when the summer came he was called to the pavilions to provide music for resorters. He goes wherever he is wanted. "It's to help the bunch," he explains. Then he draws a photograph out of his fiddle case and introduces the "bunch"—the nine grandchildren and the one great-granddaughter for whose upbringing he and Mrs. Dunham are responsible. "They're all musicians," he proudly exclaims, "tho we have only been able to give a musical education to one, Cherry—she accompanies me on the organ."

Concerning the impression made on Mr. Ford by the Maine fiddler's composition, "Rippling Waves," we learn that the manufacturer would not allow Mellie to start homeward until the Dearborn dance orchestra had mastered it, with consequences thus described by *The Christian Science Monitor*:

Mr. Ford's orchestra seized Mellie's waltz, the musicians harmonized it, and Mellie's fiddle filled every inch of the vast dancing place with the air as he played it. The dancers applauded and again Mellie played the waltz. Again came the applause and again the champion fiddler played his own composition as he smiled his pleasure.

Mr. Ford and Mrs. Ford joined in the dancing, and while Mellie's evening was climaxed when he played his waltz, another proud moment came when Mr. Ford asked Mrs. Dunham to dance with him. Mrs. Dunham did, and Mellie fiddled and looked down with pride as the wife of the Maine fiddler and one of the nation's wealthiest men danced.

Benjamin Lovett, of Worcester, is compiling a book of the old dances for Mr. Ford. Dances of the days when each household had its published book of dances, with full directions for the steps and figures, and of which there are only a few left now as library curiosities. Mellie's own dance, "The Rippling Waves," is going into the book as "Dunham's Waltz."

Mellie Dunham has watched many a couple do the "Fisher's Hornpipe." He knows, without stopping to think, that it requires the first couple to step smartly down the outside of the figure, then up. Then down the center and up. Cast off. He knows when it is time for the call "Swing those hands quite round," even tho some one else does the calling. He knows the "Right and Left," too. Then there is "Speed the Plow." They do that in Maine, too. Even the children like to do it. First couple cross over. First lady balance to second gentleman and turn, at the same time the first gentleman balancing to the second lady and turning. Then the first couple down the center (on opposite sides) and cast off.

Every one in Dearborn knows "Pop Goes the Weasel" now almost as well as Mr. Dunham knows it. A gay sight it is, with the first couple chasséing down the outside and back, then down

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the center and back. Swing three hands once and a half around with the second lady (first couple raising their hands) and then it is time for the second lady to pass under them to her place. The first couple swing three hands (second gentleman) and the first couple raise their hands while the second gentleman passes to his place.

"Money Musk" was perhaps the most popular dance of the older days. "First couple join right hands and swing once and a half round. Go below second couple (first lady goes below the second gentleman on the outside); forward and back six, first couple swing three-quarters round, first gentleman at same time goes below and between second and third couples. Then the first gentleman goes between the second couple on the inside and the first lady between the second couple on the inside. Forward and back six, first couple swing three-quarters round to place below next couple." Six couples dance in a set for "Money Musk," the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. The ladies' right is the head of the figure.

Then there is the "Varsovienne," named for the two cities Warsaw and Vienna. It is a very old dance. Mellie has played it in Maine. It is written in two parts, a round dance and a mazurka. In Maine the mazurka is played last. In Michigan it has hitherto been played, at Mr. Ford's parties, with the mazurka first.

Mellie's regular fee for fiddling "out of town" is three dollars—all of it. Which fact, when Henry Ford learned it, inspired the presentation to the aged musician of a rare three-dollar gold-piece, dated 1859. But we are told discreetly that "any other transactions between Ford and the Dunhams are their own personal secret." Meanwhile some of the Norway neighbors of the now famous couple paid some troublesome taxes on their home, thereby averting an awkward crisis. Of their feverish visit to New York, their reception in Wall Street and at the City Hall, and their triumphal progress homeward, much has been printed, but it suffices here to record that the wanderers were very tired. Their lovable quality touched many hearts, and perhaps the most significant proof of this is the following account, in the Boston *Herald*, of their encounter with the hard-boiled theater world of Broadway:

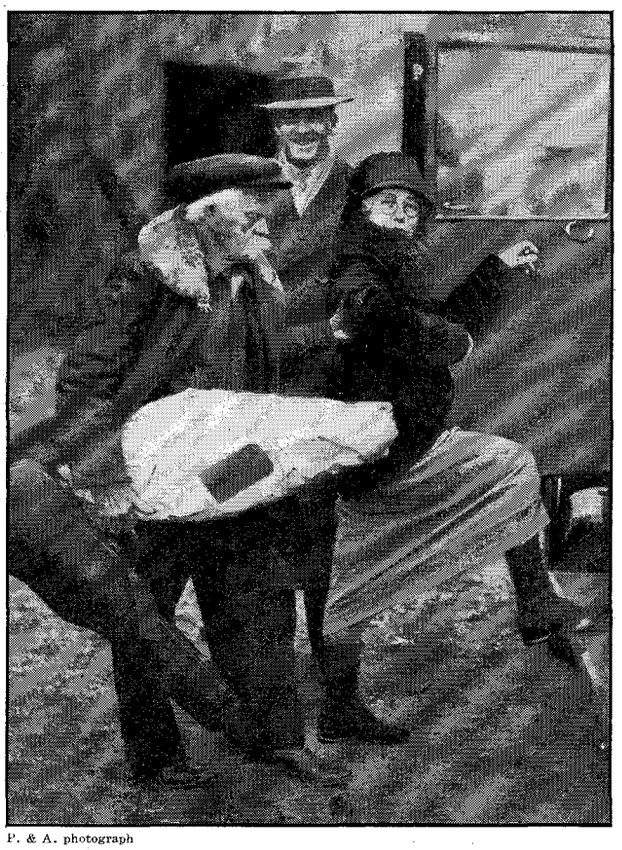
Mellie and "Gram" fairly charmed an office full of theatrical men who up to that time thought they were calloused to everything. But this simple old couple from the backwoods of Maine just melted them and they treated Mellie and "Gram" as they would have treated their own parents.

When it was suggested that Mellie sign the usual vaudeville contract, which calls for penalties if the artist fails to appear, Ted Lauder, head of the Keith booking office, exclaimed:

"No, men, we wish to bind only ourselves. We do not wish to tie up this old gentleman. We want him to play as he feels he is able to play.

"We are going to see to it that he gets lots of rest and we sha'n't work him more than about a half hour a day, at the very most. We want no strings to his contract. Let us just make out an agreement that will bind us to pay him a certain sum and then if he feels tired he can quit."

Broadway is aghast at the precedent thus established and wonders to-night how Mellie got away with it. Mellie got away with it because he is Mellie Dunham and his wife is "Gram" Dunham, as delightful an old couple as ever graced a big town on a holiday eve.



P. & A. photograph

FARING FORTH ON THE PATH OF FAME

The fiddler is nursing the pair of snow-shoes he was afterward to present to Henry Ford.

And that judgment is confirmed by Stewart Griscom, who describes in the Boston *Herald* their reception by Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts. He writes that both the Dunhams are "real," and continues:

Their manners are naive, straightforward and honest. Their minds are those of kindly, sequestered country folk somewhat past their prime, and their clothes are just their "Sunday suits," not costumes devised to attract attention.

Both of them are small, Mellie, perhaps, the smaller, but with sturdy shoulders indicative of great strength that has persisted through a lifetime of hard work. Mrs. Dunham is talkative and kind, with a grandmotherly kindness, but it is Mellie who has the personality. He is a silent old man, but his little chuckles, his shrugs and his sidelong glances, like those of a wise and ancient bird, are more voluble than words.

In private how quickly they relax into naturalness, but in public and on show they have an air of patient docility and of dazed bewilderment. The line of demarcation between humor and pathos in the case of the Dunhams is very narrow and the two moods are continually overlapping. Just as their evident discomfort in an alien life becomes pitiable even to a casual spectator, something occurs spontaneously which is funny. There was a touch of pathos at the State House until Mellie began to play, and then Mrs. Dunham automatically began to tap the floor with her feet as if she was hearing the jigs for the first instead of the ten thousandth time. But her expression never changed as she stared wonderingly about the room.

In spite of their almost juvenile excitement at coming home to New England and at the prospect of seeing Boston for the first time, they were tired.

Mrs. Dunham's face was deeply lined and the little tuft of feathers on her black satin bonnet drooped dejectedly as she was helped down the steps of the Pullman. At first glance, Mellie seemed as perky and as full of vitality as a small bantam rooster, but the characteristic nervous twitching of his eyes was more pronounced than usual, and his head, with its tangled shock of snow-white hair, telescoped way down between his shoulders like an aged turtle trying to retire for the night.

His fiddle case, which is an integral part of him as his cravats, khaki shirts or his right arm, was clutched tightly in his hands as he slowly stept on the platform and was immediately lost in a swirl of acrid smoke which blanketed the whole party. The respite was only for a second. He was quickly surrounded by the battalion of reporters and photographers who groped their way through the choking fog and led him and Mrs. Dunham to the upper level, where they were stood up against a wall in front of a firing-squad of cameras.

They have not been influenced, sartorially at least, by their glimpse of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, altho some influence may have been brought to bear on them not to change garments which will be picturesque assets in their adventure on the stage. Mellie is still wearing his old sheep-lined jacket over a dark brown coat which, in turn, covers his open-throated, O. D. woolen shirt, across which is draped a heavy-linked gold watch chain. His trousers, a few sizes too large, are bound at the waist by a belt, and descend to the tops of his high black shoes.

Mrs. Dunham wore her black velvet coat, with a broad fur collar, a brown woolen skirt that somehow seemed a trifle short for Norway, fawn gray stockings and obviously new black strap pumps. Both wear glasses which are always slipping comfortably down on the ends of their noses, and both are suggestive of two dazed and bewildered children who stay near to each other for moral support.

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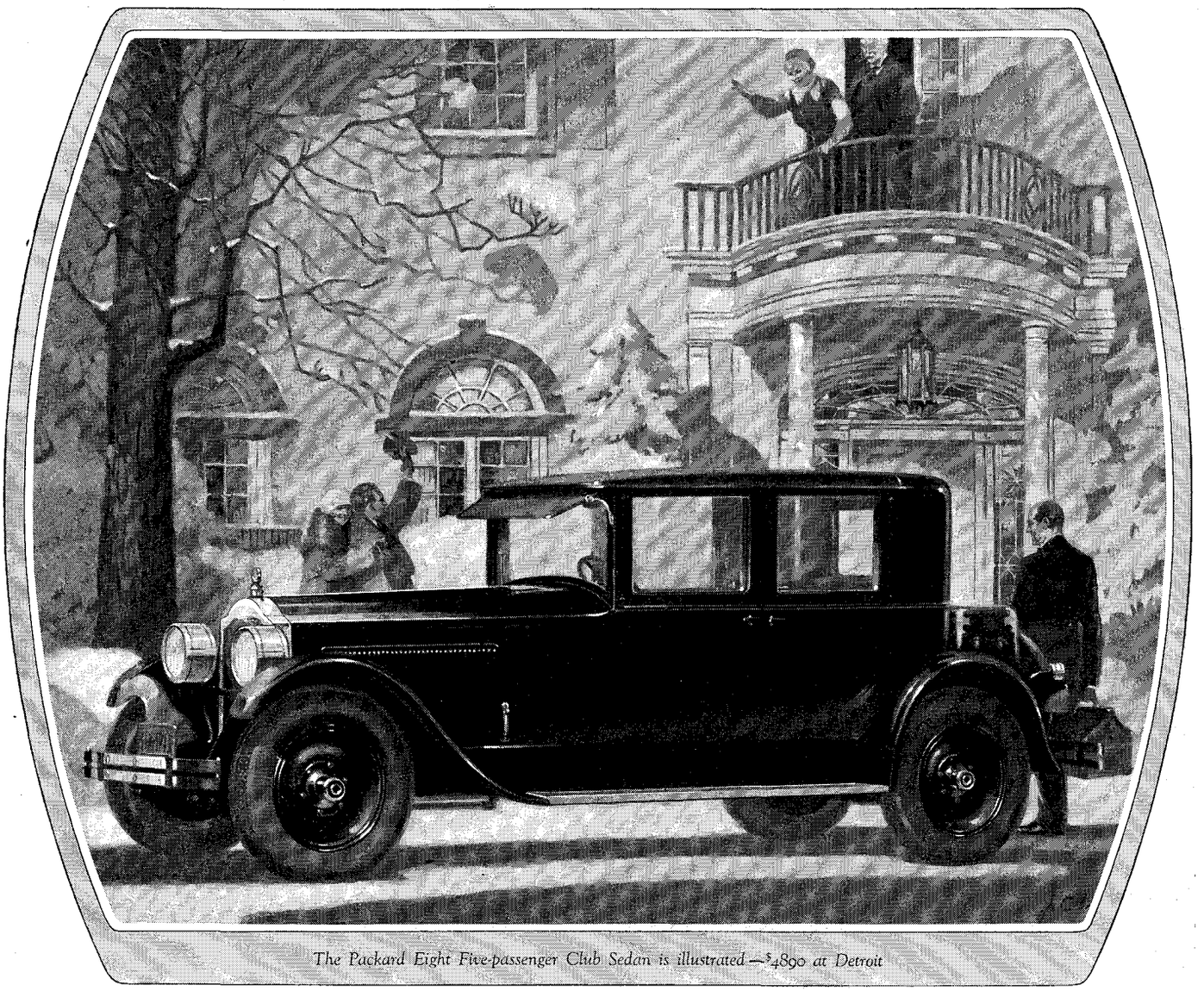

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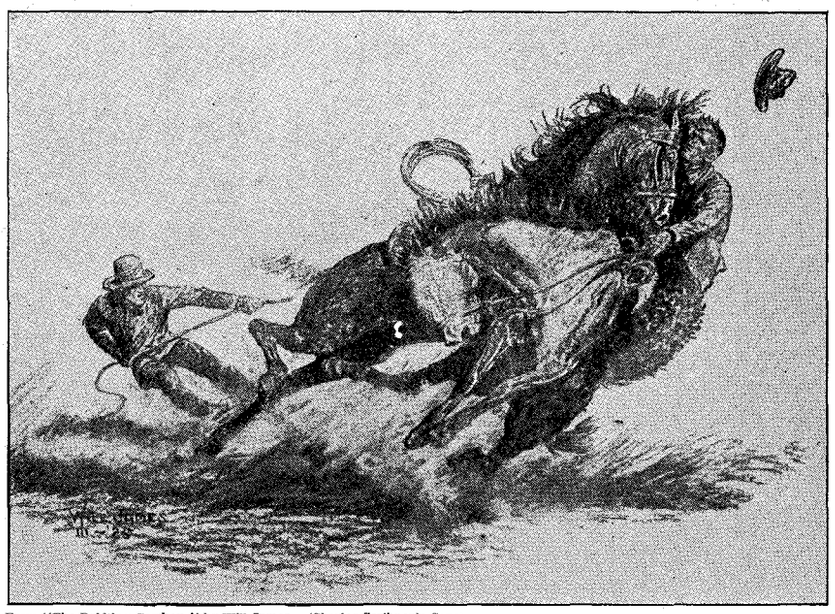
BEASTS · BIRDS · AND · TREES

RAMPAGEOUS WAYS OF THE FRISKY BRONCO

"EVEN THO QUITE A FEW have wrote on the passing of the cowboy, while going through on an observation-car, the cowboy has passed all he's going to for a spell." So says Will James, and he should know, having been a cowboy himself for many years. Of course the cowboy has been crowded and jostled a bit, in the great open spaces, but Montana on a sleety cold morning in early dawn can still show many a sight not seen even in a high-class rodeo. The dim shapes of the shifting "broncs" in the corral make it almost impossible to find any particular pony. Will James, one snowy morning, had managed to get his saddle on his pony in spite of a freezing sixty-mile gale, and had just climbed half-way up, when a dark shape blowing and snorting loomed up before him. It was another horse wildly trying to climb up on the other side of the pony, and James went down in a fearful fall with his horse on top of him. A cowboy's life in the winter is just one hard day after another, all beginning before sun-up. And Will James says in his book, "The Drifting Cowboy" (Scribner's), that that "is what makes a cowboy wonder what he done with his summer's wages," and he speaks feelingly of the beginning of one of these "perfect" days:



From "The Drifting Cowboy," by Will James. (Charles Scribner's Sons)

"Me being only about a thousand pounds lighter than that shadow, I'm knocked out of the way pronto . . ."

Our ropes would be stiff as cables, and it was hard to make a good catch. The particular pony you'd be wanting would most generally stick his head in the ground like a ostrich, and mixed in with about two hundred head of his kind and all a milling around steady, he'd be mighty hard to find again in case you missed your first throw.

Daylight being yet far off at that time, there's no way to identify any of the ten or twelve horses in your string only by the outline of their heads against the sky or by the white there may be on their foreheads. You throwed your rope but you couldn't see it sail and you didn't know you'd caught your horse till you felt the rope tighten up, and sometimes when you'd led out the horse you'd caught and got close to him it'd be another horse—the one you'd throwed the rope at had heard it coming and ducked.

Turning that horse back in the corral, you'd make another loop and try to get another sight of the horse you wanted; when you did, and the rope settled on him this time and led him out—if he didn't have to be drug out by a saddle-horse—to your saddle, then's when the fun most generally did begin.

The snow and sleet and cold wind made the ponies, young or old, mighty sensitive to whatever touched 'em; they'd kick, and buck, and strike then, no matter how gentle some of 'em might of been when the nice weather was on. The cowboy, all bundled up on account of the cold, his feet wet and in the slippery mud the wet snow had made, finds it all a big drawback in handling himself when saddling and a flying hoof comes.

The shivering pony don't at all welcome the frozen and stiff saddle blanket, and it might have to be put on the second time; getting a short hold and hanging on to the hackamore rope the cowboy then picks up the saddle and eases it on that pony's back, and before that pony can buck it off, a reach is made for the cinch, the latigo put through the cinch ring and drawed up. If you work fast enough and know how, all that can be done, and you don't have to pick up your saddle and blanket out of the mud.

I've seen it on many a morning of that kind and you'd just about have your pony half in the humor of being good, when some roman-nosed lantern-jawed bronc would go to acting up, jerk away from a rider and try to kick him at the same time and go to bucking and a bawling, and with an empty saddle on his back, hackamore rope a dragging, would make a circle of the rope corral where all the boys would be saddling up.

The ponies led out and shivering under the cold saddle that put a hump in their backs would just be a waiting for such an excuse as that loose hunk of tornado to start 'em, and with a loud snort and a buck half of 'em would jerk away. The cowboy had no chance holding 'em, for nine times out of ten that loose bronc would stampede past between him and the horse he was trying to hold, the hackamore rope would hook on the saddle of that bronc and it'd be jerked out of his hands.

Those folks who've seen rodeos from the grandstand most likely remember the last event of each day's doings; it's the wild-horse race, and maybe it'll be recollected how the track gets tore up by them wild ponies and how if one horse jerks loose he'll most likely make a few others break away. At them rodeos there's two men handling each horse, where with the round-up wagon on the range each man handles his horse alone.

And just picture for yourself the same happenings as you see in the wild-horse race at the rodeo, says Mr. James, only, he remarks:

Just add on to the picture that it's not near daylight, that instead of good sunshine and dry dirt to step on there's mud or gumbo six inches deep with snow and slush on top, the cowboy's cold wet feet, heavy wet chaps and coat that ties him down—a black cloudy sky, and with the cold raw wind comes a wet stinging snow to blind him.

That gives you a kind of an idea of how things may be along with the round-up wagon certain times of the year. Montana and Wyoming are real popular for rough weather as I've just described, and you can look for it there most every spring till late and sometimes in the fall starting early. I've seen that kind of weather last for two weeks at the time, clear up for one day and it was good to last for two weeks more.

Getting back to where a cowboy was saddling his horse and the stampeding bronc started the rumpus, I'll make it more natural and tell of how one little horse of that kind and on them cold mornings can just set the whole remuda saddled ponies and

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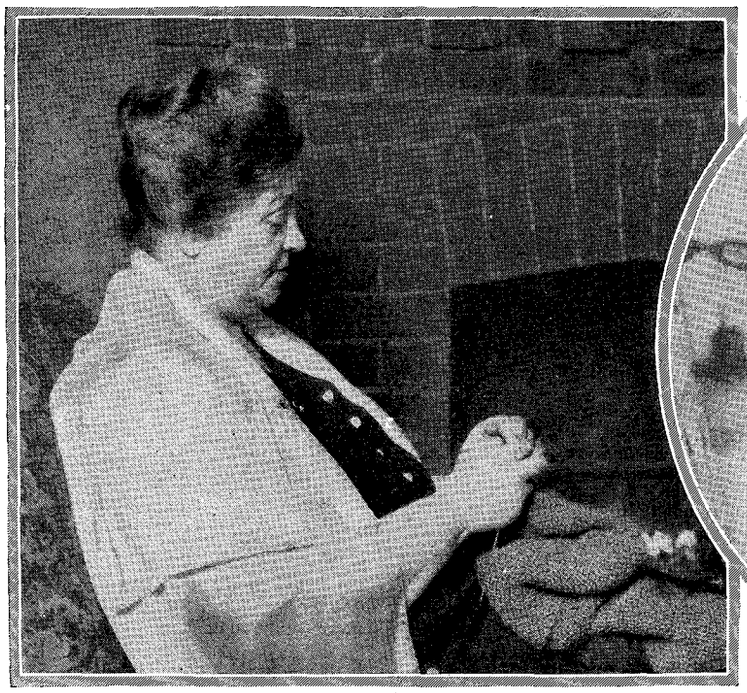

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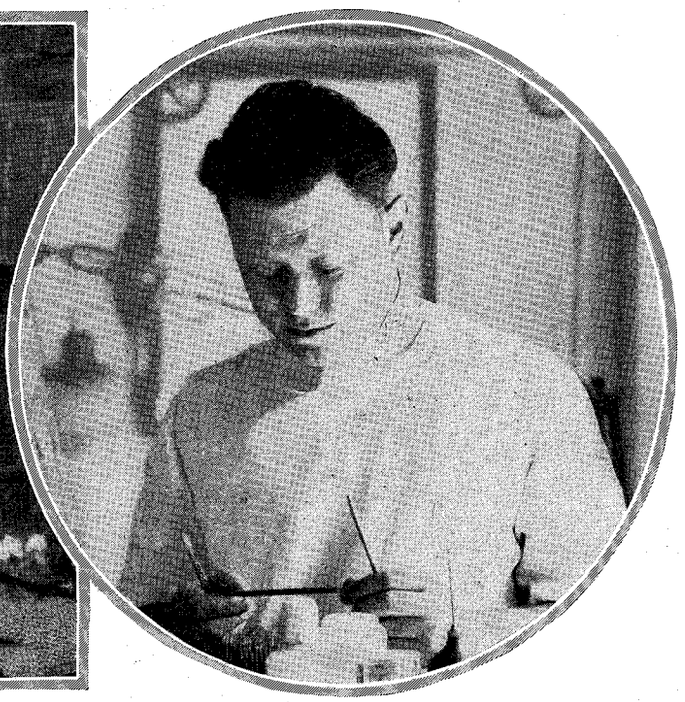

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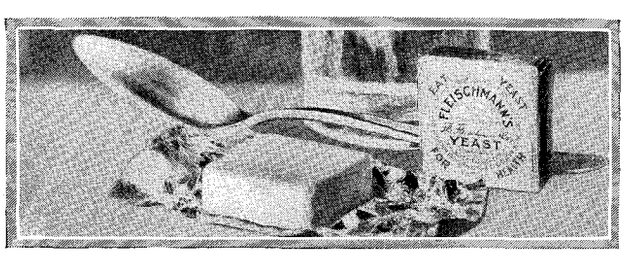

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"About a year ago my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples due to constipation. I was a bundle of nerves. Every sound made me jump. I was in a pitiful condition. I tried everything in the way of medicine but I received no relief from any of them. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. At the end of the second month the miracle started to happen. My pimples vanished, I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl."

MISS ANNE M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.

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These
Cold Days

your face needs after-shaving care

On your way to the office, when a mean wind whistles round the corners, does your newly shaven face feel tight and drawn, and just a little wee bit sore?

That's not the fault of the shave. Your skin needs the 5 distinct helps given by Williams new product—Aqua Velva.

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1. It gives the skin a tonic, invigorating tingle.
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3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards from sun, wind and cold.
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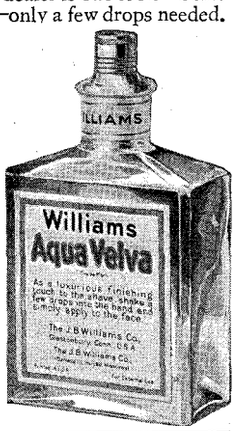
Try this cold-weather face comfort free; send the coupon below for a 150-drop test bottle. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

For use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream



Address:
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 21-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

L.D.1-2-26

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

all to stampeding and leave near all the cowboys afoot.

Yessir, I remember well one cold drizzly morning that same fall, the wind was blowing at sixty per, the saddle blanket and saddle had to be put on at the same time or it'd blow out of the country. My horse was saddled and ready to top off, and pulling my hat down as far as I could get it, I proceeds to do that. I'm getting a handful of mane along with a short holt on my reins and am just easing up in the saddle. When I gets up about half-ways I meets up with the shadow of another horse and trying to climb up on the other side of my horse. Me being only about a thousand pounds lighter than that shadow, I'm knocked out of the way pronto, my horse goes down on part of me, and that shadow keeps on agoing as tho there'd been nothing in its road.

That seemed to start things, and the wind that was blowing plenty strong already got a heap stronger, and all at once.

There was a racket of tearing canvas down by the chuck wagon, and soon enough the big white tarpaulin that was covering that wagon breaks loose, comes askipping over the brush, and then sails right up and amongst the two hundred saddle horses in the rope corral.

Them ponies sure didn't wait to see how and where it was going to light; they just picked up and flew, taking rope corral and everything right with 'em. A couple of the boys that was already mounted had to go too or else quit the pony they was riding, and they didn't have time to do that.

My horse being down for just the second he was knocked that way was up and gone, and I sure has to do some tall scrambling when the remuda broke out of the corral. I could near touch 'em as they went by, and I'm drawing a long breath for the narrow escape I just had, when that same long breath is knocked out of me and I sails a-ways, then lands in a heap. There must of been one horse I hadn't accounted for.

It's about daylight when I comes to enough to realize that I should pick myself up and get out of that brush I'd lit into. I'm gazing around kind of light-headed and wonders where everybody went, and finally, figgering that they'd be by the fire at the chuck wagon, makes my way that direction.

It's broad daylight by the time we hears the bells of the remuda coming back to the corral; some of the boys had put it up again while I was asleep in the brush, and the two riders what stampeded away when the remuda did was hazing the spooky ponies in again.

But there is no rest for the weary in the cowboy business and a stampede more or less does not delay work so that it would be noticed. As we read:

"Well, boys, we'll try it again," says the wagon boss as he dabs his rope on a big brown horse that was tearing around the corral.

Most of our ponies being already saddled, it don't take us long to get lined out again. The boss is up on his horse, taking a silent count to see if any of his men are missing, while waiting for everybody to be on their horses and ready to follow him.

Our horses was all spooked up from that stampede, and when we started away from camp that morning it was a wild bunch for fair. I was trying to ease my pony into a lope without him breaking in two with me, and I just about had him out of the notion when there's a beller alongside of me, and I turns to see a bucking streak of horseflesh with a scratching cowboy atop of it headed straight my way.

It's a good thing I was ready to ride, 'cause my horse had been aching to act up from the start, and that example headed our way more than agreed with his spirits at that time. He went from there and started to wipe up the earth, and every time he'd hit the ground he'd beller, "I'll get you!"

At first I was satisfied to just be able to keep my saddle under me, but come a time when as my blood started circulating and getting warmed up on the subject that my spirits also answered the call and agreed with the goings on; then's when I begins to reefing him, and my own special war-whoop sure tallied up with the bellering of that active volcano under me.

The job of cook on such an outfit as this round-up is no sinecure, especially if one is no favorite with a very temperamental "bronc." As our cowboy author goes on with his story:

A glance to one side, and I notice that I'm not the only one who's putting up a ride, the rain and snow mixed kept me from seeing very far, but I could see far enough to tell that at least half the riders was busy on the same engagement that drawed my attention just then; one of the ponies had took a dislike for the cook and, tearing up everything as he went, was chasing him over pots and pans and finally under the wagon. The cowboy on top of that bronc was near losing his seat for laughing; he'd never seen the cook move that fast before.

We're out of camp a couple of miles before the usual rumpus quiets down, and stringing out on a high lope we all heads for a high point we don't see but know of, and some ten miles away. From that point the boss scatters the riders, and in pairs we branch out to circle and comb the country on the way back, running all the stock we see to the cutting grounds.

I'm riding along, trying to look through the steady-falling drizzle snow for stock; it seemed to me that I was born and raised under a slicker, on a wet saddle, riding a kinky bronc, going through slush and snow, and facing cold winds. It struck me as a coon's age since I seen good old sunshine, and for the first time I begins to wonder if a cow-puncher ain't just a plain locoed critter for sticking along with the round-up wagons as he does; it's most all knocks, and starting from his pony's hoofs on up to the long sharp horns of the ornery critters he's handling, along with the varieties the universe hands him in weather—twelve to sixteen hours in the saddle, three to four changes of horses a day, covering from seventy-five to a hundred miles, then there's one to two hours night guard to break the only few hours left to get a rest in.

We was moving camp for the last time that year, the next stop was the home ranch, and when we hooked up the cook's six-horse team and handed him the ribbons we all let out a war-whoop that started the team that direction on a high

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Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
Albany—65 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)
Allentown—955 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Arkansas City—Newman Dry Goods Co.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)
Augusta, Ga.—Saxon-Cullum Shoe Co.
Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
Baton Rouge—Rosenfield's
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
Boston—109 Newbury St. cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)
Brocton—Model Shoe Store
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Hanover Place)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—(162 N. State St. (3rd floor Butler Bldg.) (1050 Leland (near Broadway) (6410 Cortage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulff Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
Dubuque—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 West First St. (near 1st Ave., W.)
Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
Erie—Weschler Co., 924 State St.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 342 Main St.
Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
Fresno—The Bootery
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—Robt. A. Sills Co.
Greenville—Pollock's
Hamilton, Ont.—8 John St., North (cor. King)
Harrisburg—217 No. 2nd St.
Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Hot Springs, Ark.—Rosenthal's
Houston—205 Gulf Bldg. (take elevator)
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
Jacksonville, Fla.—24 Hogan St. (opp. Seminole Hotel)
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.—E. Zang
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Stelle & Son
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—Watt and Shand
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son
Lewiston—Lamey-Wellehan, 110 Lisbon St.
Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—417 Main St. (Pugh Bldg.)
Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Lynn—Goddard Bros.
Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
Marquette—Jacob Rose & Sons
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Montreal—Keefer Bldg. (St. Catherine, W.)
Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (Second floor)
New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
New Brunswick, N. J.—A.V. Harding & Sons
New Haven—190 Orange St. (near Court)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
New York—(14 W. 40th St. (South of Library) (2950 Third Ave, (152nd St.) (13 John St. (Bet. B'way and Nassau)
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
Oakland—516-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
Passaic—4 Lexington Ave. (at Erie Depot.)
Paterson—18 Hamilton Street (opp. Regent Theatre)
Peoria—105 So. Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
Perth Amboy—Jos. Bruck & Son
Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.
Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle
Roanoke—I. Bachrach Shoe Co.
Rochester—257 Main St. E. (3rd floor)
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
Sacramento—1012 K Street
Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Stamford, Conn.—L. Spelke & Son
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Trust Bldg.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
Torrington—Bufferd's Shoe Shop
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., Cor. Union
Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Washington—1319 F Street (2nd floor)
Waterbury—Howland-Hughes Co.
Waterville, Me.—N. Hillson & Sons
Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.
Wichita Falls—Sanderford Booterie
Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
Williamsport—John B. Irvin
Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
Winnipeg—Hudson's Bay Co.
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Yonkers—22 Main St.
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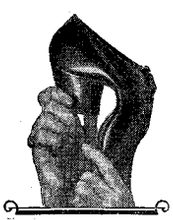
Go to one of the stores above or write the Cantilever Corporation, 414 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a more conveniently located Cantilever agency. In many cities there is a Cantilever shoe shop listed in the telephone directory.

Add wings to your feet

How fine it is to step lightly along Life's pathway on feet that are alive and free, to finish the day with energy to spare, to enjoy walking because your shoes will let you swing along with a graceful natural rhythm that sends circulation singing.



There are shoes that will take the shackles off your feet and help you to step along happily; light-weight, flexible shoes that are comfortably shaped and pleasing in style.

They are trade-marked Cantilever Shoes and are made with careful consideration for the natural shape and functions of your feet.

Slip your feet into a pair of Cantilevers. How smoothly and gracefully they fit. That is because they were modeled after the normal foot. The toes are trimly rounded, the heels and arches fit with an accurate snugness that is rare in shoes.

Walk in Cantilevers. The shoe harmonizes with the foot. Muscles are building up new springiness through exercise. You are stepping away from foot troubles, and like thousands of other women, you will know the joy of real foot comfort.

Cantilever Shoe

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"Gosh! I'm not a baby any more!"

When your boy flashes out with an angry outburst like this, it stings like impertinence and insubordination. It may be both, but in reality it is a sign that points to mutual misunderstanding. You see only wilfulness. In your anxious care and fond desire he sees only—continual "Don'ts" and "Stops." The fact is, your boy is growing up. He may exaggerate his ability and judgment, but, heaven be praised, he wants to use them.

A boy in his teens is going through his most trying years. Life is calling him, adventure, ambition, imagination. In the cocoon of boyhood is stirring the man who will dare and do. True, he needs restraint, but what he needs most is strong leadership—leadership he will accept.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

lope. The cook wasn't holding 'em back any, and hitting it down a draw to the river-bottoms the flying chuck wagon swayed out of sight.

Us riders was bringing in upwards of a thousand head of weaners, and we didn't reach the big fields till late that day, when we finally got sight of the big cottonwoods near hiding the long log building of the home ranch; that, along with the high pole corrals, the sheds and stables, all looked mighty good to me again.

The stock turned loose, we all amble toward the corrals to unsaddle; I tries to lead my horse in the dry stable, but him being suspicious of anything with a roof on won't have it that way. "All right, little horse," I says to him, "if you're happier to be out like you've always been used to, I'm not going to try to spoil you," and pulling off my wet saddle I hangs it where it's dry for once. The pony trots off a ways, takes a good roll and, shaking himself afterwards, lets out a nicker and lopes out to join the remuda.

"Just like us punchers," I remarks, watching him; "don't know no better."

DAVID'S GORGEOUS VOYAGE

WHEN David Putnam landed on one of the Galapagos Islands on his now famous and never-to-be-forgotten trip, the first things he saw on the little beach were the frigate birds on their nests, and in the bushes were what he might easily have taken for red balloons, but which proved to be the strange bright red pouches of the birds' throats. These birds have big strong bills which are not to be disregarded by a boy of twelve, especially when the aforementioned creature plants that same bill in the boy's leg, as a protest against having its picture taken, for frigate birds do not appear to court the camera. All the way to the Galapagos and back on the yacht *Arcturus* with "Uncle William Beebe" is a voyage to dream about, for a youth of twelve short years, and it is not strange that David Binney Putnam is starting early to maintain the literary average of the well-known Putnam family, of whom he is a member, by writing in his book "David Goes Voyaging" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) the truthful story of the frigate birds, sea-lions, lost treasure, sharks, and, last but not least, the "pirates" of the masquerade party on board ship on his twelfth birthday. It is no wonder it is a "best seller," altho David sounds a rather sad note on literature as a vocation, when he says: "The writing took quite a long time, and I think being a naturalist would be more fun than being a writer."

The frigate birds were very tame, and David says he found them interesting to watch:

I lifted a frigate bird right off his nest, and then put him back and he never seemed to mind at all, just looked surprized. About the next time I picked up a frigate bird, I wasn't quite so lucky. I wanted to lift him up to have a picture taken, and he didn't seem to like posing much more than I did. Anyway, he pecked me, and I suppose that's why I look so cross in the picture. They have big strong bills, and this one got hold right in the lower part of my left leg. All the time, I was barelegged and wore shorts, which is the way everybody aboard drest.

The frigate birds and boobies weigh about two and a half pounds. The former have not webbed feet like the boobies, and therefore they can not catch fish as easily for they only swoop down and dip them out of the water; but the other dives right in and sometimes out of sight for several feet underneath and swims with his webbed

From "David Goes Voyaging," by David Binney Putnam (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons)

"I LIFTED A FRIGATE BIRD OFF HIS NEST"

feet. Frigate birds steal the other's fish. Both birds have tremendously long wings and sail in the sky with a long, long spread.

The male frigate has a queer pouch on his throat. He is dark brownish in body, with a few greeny feathers on the top of his neck, and then this very strange balloon which is so distended he can rest his head upon it and go to sleep. He can puff it up or have it empty. The male sits on the nest in the mornings mostly while his mate goes out to sea fishing. She is dark brown with a white breast. Of course you can see these bright red pouches a long way off, and they look like so many toy balloons in among the bushes. All these birds, the boobies and frigates, build rather foolish-looking nests right on the bushes about two feet from the ground, so of course one can go right up to them and see the eggs or young chicks.

The little doves and the mocking-birds have their nests on the ground, often under a jutting out rock. The doves have bright red feet, soft tan-brown bodies and eyes as blue as forget-me-not flowers.

On Tower we saw amblyrhinchus, or the marine lizard. I really learned to pronounce that word, altho I can't spell it yet. A lot of these scientific names are awfully long and hard. It is black, about a foot long or maybe fifteen inches, and swims in around the edges of the rocks. All the specimens brought to the ship had seaweed in their stomachs which they must have been way out to sea to get.

Some of the islands were more fun for David than others, and Hood Island provided amusement for any length of time, and David's account of what he did there

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will turn many a small boy's soul pale green with envy:

I went ashore with the crew one day, and we got a huge log which was covered with barnacles. We pushed it back into the water again and played with it, diving and climbing over it and fooling with it as we would a raft at home. The water is beautifully clear, the white sand and the black rocks showing up perfectly clearly for many feet deep. Of course we were all terribly scratched with rough-housing, but it was good fun and fine exercise.

I lifted up some of the black rocks along the beach at low tide and found a small octopus. Some one took him out of the jar I had put him into to look at him and left him in the sun, so he died. But he was valuable as a specimen on the ship and has been put with the other jars aboard.

The beaches here at Hood have very soft white sand, unlike that at Tower which is crumbled-up coral, and sharp and cuts the feet.

Also there are many bays or coves like fiords along the shore. Don Dickerman, one of the best collectors in the outfit, was getting beautiful starfish, some like worms, some brittle and a lovely pinkish coral color, and some small red and green fish while I rowed the boat around so it wouldn't smash on the rocks. When he was doing this I saw seven sharks, one huge turtle and one small one.

Another day John Tee Van took me with him when he went ashore to trap birds. He uses a long pole with a small twig on the end. This is covered with very sticky paste. He whistles the song of the bird, and when it comes to see who it is, John hits him on the back a light tap which makes him stick to the twig. Then John takes him off, wipes off the paste, puts him in a box, and takes him to the ship.

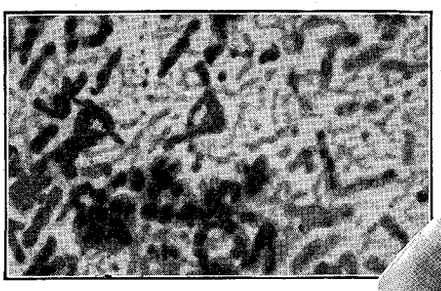
Dwight Franklin harpooned a big ray along the shore of the beach, and lost the harpoon. Afterwards we saw the handle going along the surface. He got four other rays, but never caught the one that had gone off with the harpoon handle. We saw spotted rays, brown ones, red ones, and black ones.

At night when we are at anchor, there are two great arc-lights lowered over the ship's side, one over the boom and one above the gangway. This bright light attracts the fish in great numbers. At Hood the flying-fish were very plentiful, and a large size—ten or twelve inches long, with lovely pinkish-purple wings or fins. One night I harpooned enough for breakfast for the crowd.

The fish seemed to get quite crazy with the light, and they dart around cracking themselves against the boats and the ship-side. To add to the excitement, sea-lions come skimming by and snatch at the wounded ones gulping them down and stuffing themselves on more. One big sea-lion came close enough to the gangway for me to reach over and touch him.

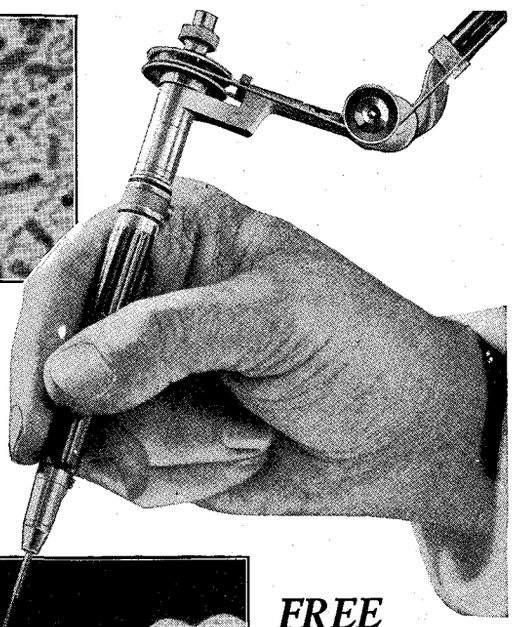
Another night I caught a Portuguese man-o'-war in a scoop net and was stung by him on both hands. This is a jelly-fish kind of thing with long trailers or tentacles. And these tentacles are poisonous and sting their prey so they can eat the little fish or plankton. I also caught a little transparent fish, pale colors with dabs of bright red on the lower fin. Miss Cooper painted him. And I got a bright red squid and many small crabs, one of which was scarlet.

During the days the *Arcturus* was at sea, the greatest moment of excitement and suspense came when the huge nets were



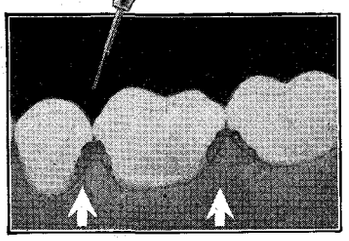
See these germs?

Look harmless, don't they? Small as they look here, these germs are magnified hundreds of times. They are soft, yet they eat through the enamel of your tooth as surely as the dentist's powerful drill.



Snug harbors for decay germs

It is much easier for your tooth brush to clean the more exposed surfaces of your teeth. It is in the crevices that the germs get in their fine work. Kolynos used in the mouth becomes a liquid which flows into the crevices, kills and washes away the germs which would otherwise start decay.



FREE

See for yourself the result of killing germs. You will say to yourself, just as thousands of others have, **"How clean my mouth feels!"** So send for the free sample—enough Kolynos to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing—or, what will be quicker, buy a tube at your druggist's.

You can't See it, Feel it, Hear it

Yet a tiny germ bores steadily through the hard enamel of your teeth

By Ira Davis Joel, B.S., M.S.

TRY this germ-killing dental cream at our expense. But first read why it is necessary for teeth that germs be killed. Germs are the cause of tooth decay.

Two University of Michigan scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time it *ate through* the enamel. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments. When teeth were treated with dentifrices that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, *in the mouth*, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth. You say to yourself "How clean my mouth feels!" which is the best evidence that most of the germs are no longer there.

Kolynos Manufacturing Laboratories are located at New Haven, U. S. A.; at London, England, and Montreal, Can.

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To residents of Canada:—For free sample address The Kolynos Company, P. O. Box 1321, Montreal.

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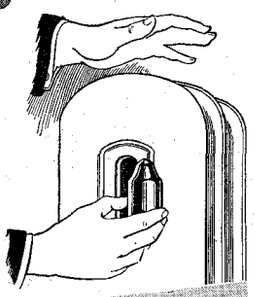
let cold radiators get HOT



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

pulled up. The finny denizens of the deep yielded to the rather urgent persuasion of the fishermen and came aboard, albeit with some hesitation, and strange creatures they proved to be. As David tells us:

In about the best haul there were two tubs of deep-sea fish from bottom—black and queer looking, some with long pointed tails without a tail-fin, some eels, black with pointed heads, and a lot of funny little fish like sharks, only with bright green eyes. Many of these come to the surface with the scales all torn off or soft and peeling.

There were light pink starfish, very brittle, a few sea cucumbers, some living sponges, crabs, bright red shrimps and two or three very queer-looking fish with faces like demons or bogeys with funny little electric light things sticking out in front of them on long barbels, which is what they call the long, whisker-like thing.

I brought home for my collection a few specimens of this rare deep-sea life. Starfish, shrimp, and cyclothone, which is a small deep-sea fish.

Apparently there is a great undersea plateau around Cocos. It is about six hundred fathoms deep. Just off the edge of this it is thirteen to sixteen hundred fathoms deep.

For days we saw many ocean tunny fish jumping near the ship, and we tried all kinds of baits and different spoons and squids to catch them. One day Mother finally got four of them by jerking a squid up and down from off the boom. They weighed from ten to fourteen pounds, and it certainly was very good to have fresh fish for breakfast next morning. They are a beautiful fish, like a torpedo, or bullet shaped with lovely dark blue backs and pinkish silvery sides with four stripes below the middle line, and they are very swift swimmers, moving as fast or faster than the ship for hours at a time.

One day I was sitting on the rail preparing a fish skeleton, and suddenly there was a loud "*Pwishshsh*" right near me. Mack, the first mate, called out "Whale!" and I jumped up and saw him not fifteen feet away. A big black body about forty feet long.

What boy would not feel that life had reached a high level, when he could leave his good ship and go ashore to catch for himself a young sea-lion for a pet, or see the sights that David speaks of so naturally:

Don and I were almost the first ones ashore, and we found a small sea-lion right in the rock gully, asleep. We tied a rope to him and played with him quite awhile before Don took him back to the ship.

Serge took me with him collecting, and we scrambled over two or three hills. I caught a two-inch scorpion under a rock and quite a few big grasshoppers and moths and butterflies. Serge is a Russian, whose last name is Chetyrkin. He speaks very little English, but is a fine taxidermist. His job is to preserve and mount birds and fish. He mounted for me my little pet penguin which died after we had him aboard for nearly a month. He was an awfully funny little bird, as tame and friendly as could be. We'd put small live fish in a glass tank and then watch him catch them,

How Silly!

—and it's just about as silly to go out these cold, wet days without having a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops in your pocket! They ward off coughs and colds!

5¢ Two kinds: the Black S. B. Drops and the Smith Brothers Menthol Drops.

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for these penguins are wonderful divers and swimmers. I think their entire food is fish. And that was the way my pet got his exercise and his dinner at the same time.

Another day, Don and I fished right off shore near the landing-place and got many fine fish, one especially beautiful one all bright orange and black with a big bump over his nose. And once when we left a string of new specimens in the water to keep them alive, a shark came right up and bit one off the string!

The time came when the *Arcturus* turned its nose toward home, and David remarks: "Anyway my stories help me to remember the fun we had on the *Arcturus*." And they will help many a reader to share his wonderful trip, and perhaps induce other twelve-year-olds to see the interesting things in nature all around them.

WHERE THE BEASTS EAT THE TREES

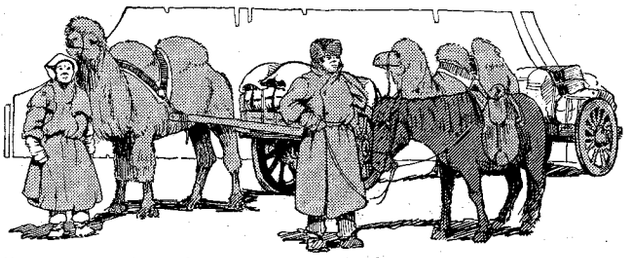
SAWDUST as a feed for cows is reported of doubtful value by the United States Forest-Products Laboratory. But in the Coconino and Tusayan national forests in Arizona, Dr. G. A. Pearson of the Southwestern Forest Experiment Station has been making some conclusive observations of the consumption of young forest trees by grazing live stock. In a broad way Dr. Pearson's conclusions are that stock has eaten up possibly 200,000,000 board feet of potential timber in the last twenty years. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

This was under restricted grazing privileges. Dr. Pearson finds that there are about 200,000 acres of cut-over land in the two forests on which natural reproduction of trees has failed, wholly or in large part, primarily because of overgrazing. This area is increasing yearly as timber-cutting progresses. Most of the damage is caused by sheep and cattle actually eating the pine seedlings. Sheep are the principal offenders, but where the cattle are too numerous they also develop a pine tooth.

Not only has live stock, grazing in the forests under permit, eaten the equivalent of 13,000 lumber houses during the last two decades, but within the last five years it has set back regeneration about twenty years. It appears that on the average it takes twenty years to obtain a satisfactory stand of seedlings in the Arizona pine forests. Seed crops are irregular, and good crops and wet seasons sometimes coincide only once in five years. In 1919, however, there was an exceptionally large yield of seeds accompanied by the most favorable weather conditions. Millions of vigorous seedlings, even on old cut-over areas with few seed trees, sprang up. Unfortunately, heavier than normal grazing has been permitted of recent years, and 25 per cent. of the 1919 trees have been devoured by cattle and sheep, another 50 per cent. has been devastated and will be eradicated at the present rate of grazing within the next two or three years. Only a quarter of what may be the best seed crop in twenty years has a chance to live.

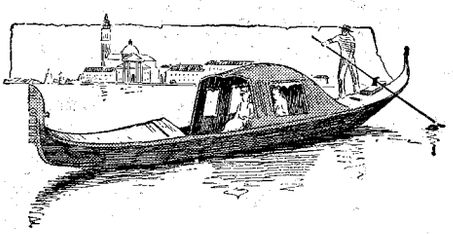
Grazing has caused great areas of forest land to lie idle for ten to twenty years, says Dr. Pearson. At a net growth of 100 board feet per acre a year, this means the loss of 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 board

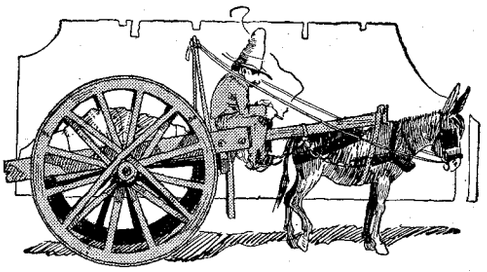
Transportation— The World Around



In Mongolia, the Russians may still walk a mile for a camel—but, of course, they don't know the endless satisfaction that owners of commercial fleets, busses and private cars are obtaining from India Tires.

In Venice, one of the few spots in the world where the "old boat" does better without India Tires. They might be used as life-savers, however, for that's what American car owners have found them to be. Their super service is sold at no great price.





In Sicily, the donkey is the hardest worker on the island—but never impatient and never in a hurry. He is like a bus operator or truck owner who uses India Tires—perfectly satisfied that his conveyance will reach wherever it's going without unnecessary trouble or delay.

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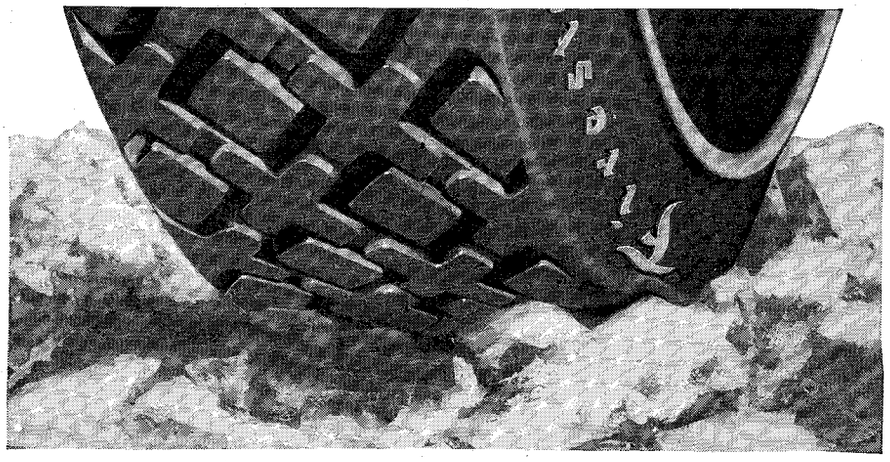

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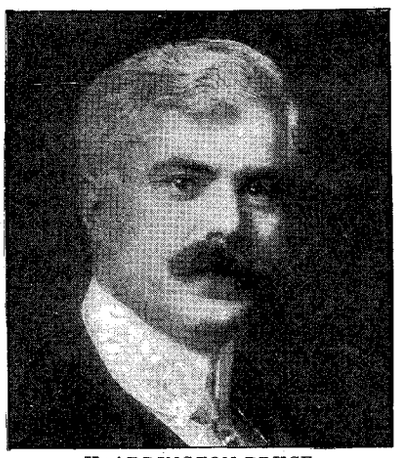

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

feet during that time, a loss that is now proceeding at the rate of not less than 15,000,000 a year.

Dr. Pearson calculates that at their present market prices, as timber on the stump and forage, trees are worth fifteen times as much an acre for timber as for cattle feed. Converted into lumber, on the one hand and into meat on the other, the lumber conversion brings into the community from four to ten times as much wealth as the meat-making process.

Besides reducing the amount of timber reproduction, grazing, Dr. Pearson finds, causes poor quality. To produce good saw timber, the young trees must grow close together. Many of them die out in the struggle for light and nutriment, but those that remain are tall, straight and free from lower limbs, whereas without crowding they would have been squatty, crooked, and covered with knot-making limbs. This scattered reproduction is often worse than none, because it is at once worthless and preventive of younger and better growth.

Dr. Pearson's investigations have been brought to the attention of the Senate Committee now considering a revision of the administration of public lands, to which the stockmen are appealing for more grazing concessions, and are believed to be contributory to more rigid regulation of grazing hereafter in the Coconino and Tusayan forests.

WILD LIFE IN A TAME SPOT

THE Frilled Lizard from Australia scuttled hurriedly up the railroad track on the dock after one long backward look at the tall dark ships swaying dreamily with the tide, ships from "Far Cathay" that brought rare foreign cargo of dark woods from the deep jungles, or spices from the Moluccas, that filled the air with strange Eastern odors. Who would think that the Frilled Lizard could leave behind him such wonders of wild life on the London docks, and in the enclosure around them? When finally he was brought protestingly back he was only one of the rare sights that could be found there. Mr. W. L. Puxley in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London) recites a strange tale of "Wild Life in the London Docks":

Very few people, except those whose business takes them there, have any idea of the charm to be found in the great enclosure which the Port of London Authority has put up for many miles along the river-front from London proper to the estuary of the Thames. Enclosed in this great area a number of animals and plants live, sheltered in a great measure from interference owing to the great wall of the palisade, and it would surprize many people if they could know what interesting and often beautiful sights are to be seen in the near neighborhood of London.

Once beyond the actual city, and after leaving Barking, the country opens up more and more, and within the palisade are great stretches of land, mostly low-lying, with large tracts of water bordered with reeds where wild fowl build their nests;

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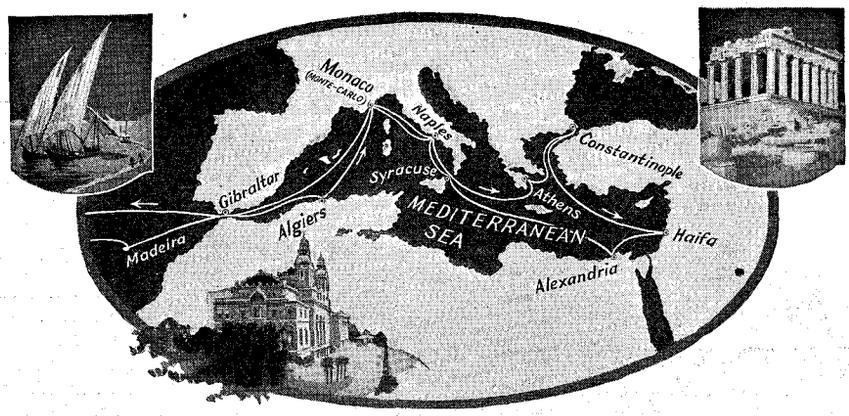
and in the evening these sheets of water reflect the setting sun, and hedged in by their tall fringes of reeds you can easily fancy yourself in some wild and desolate place far from the haunts of men. Rabbits play about in the rough ground near, and there is plenty of food for them, for there are large tracts of ground covered with grass and weeds of endless description. One of the most interesting features of the whole place is found in the number of strange foreign plants which can be seen growing, and sometimes flowering, here, brought, no doubt, by the ships which are busy unloading along the quays and docks on the water's edge. One day, for instance, I found a gully filled with the flowering plants of the castor-oil, with its red and yellow blossoms. It is true they had dwindled in size since they had been brought by some ship from Africa; but they had managed to survive, and here for several years in succession I found the quaint flowers, which are probably there now, ever dwindling in size yet strangely reminiscent of the rough river-bed from which they came in the days when they were brought from their African home in some packing-case.

These cases are frequently broken open on arrival, and one sees multitudes of tiny plants of unknown species coming up in all likely and unlikely spots. Thousands of tiny seedlings of linseed sprout between the trolley-lines which run along the quay-sides, only to be crusht, but always trying afresh to obtain a footing there. One man who lived in the docks amused himself during a season or two by planting unusual plants round his little wooden shelter, and here one could see flax with its pretty blue flowers, hemp, anise, dill, and many of the spices which the ships bring with them. Once, too, I found numbers of datura plants in flower, scenting the air as they had done in their Eastern home, and once a sheet of henbane in far larger quantities than I have ever seen anywhere else, unmolested here from year to year. Fennel, too, grows in vast quantities, unplanted as far as any one can tell, for no houses have been known to have stood here.

One day I was watching a reedy gully which bordered a little stream for the sake of observing the great numbers of sedge-warblers who were building their nests in the swaying reeds, when my attention was caught by a flower I had never observed there before, and I found it to be a beautiful gladiolus brought, no doubt, in some case from the Transvaal, or another of its native places, and after the first I saw there were several there, they having established themselves in the moist soil which caught all the sun it could manage, and indeed the plants seemed to be doing well. Many beautiful natives grow in profusion here also, such as ragwort, which is found in dense masses and in the season is covered with the ringed caterpillars of the Cinnabar moth, which in summer fly in vast numbers in the docks, making bright scarlet and black specks in those solitudes. Other beautiful moths and butterflies love the docks. I have seen Copper butterflies settling on the great flowers of the convolvulus, and indeed I never saw this flower elsewhere, growing in such beauty as it does here. Sometimes it covers the ground for a long way round with huge white or pink bells, or it will be the small variety but with a wealth and profusion of flowers difficult to realize. Succory, too, makes many a bare patch of ground beautiful, while in the season toadflax absolutely covers the ground for great distances. One more beautiful effect must be mentioned,



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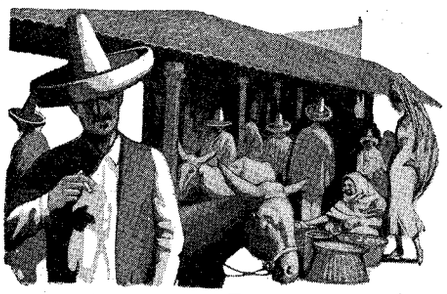

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

for in the autumn starwort runs along the creeks and canals like lines of blue fire; and these are only a very few of the flowers to be seen so near the heart of London.

In the springtime the air is literally filled with the songs of birds. Larks are to be found in great numbers in spite of the increasing number of cats which run wild in the docks and prey upon the birds they catch. Black-headed buntings are common here, and robins and wrens, and along the river-bank you can always see long lines of gulls and terns feeding on the edge of the tide or resting on the roofs of the warehouses and other buildings.

The best time to observe the wild things is on Sunday, when the docks are still and no huge vessels are being unloaded as a rule; few people are about then, and it is possible to have an early ramble and scarcely see a soul from start to finish. In the distance you can hear the sound of church bells, but they do not disturb the peace of the whole place, and the birds can be heard singing in chorus any fine day. There are few trees, it is true, but there are numbers of hawthorns and some crab-apples, which in their season make a beautiful picture, and it is odd, too, what curious things from all parts of the world can be picked up sometimes. One day I found a Chinaman's hat thrown away, and once I saw a row of German helmets put on the young rhubarb plants, which one of the officials had planted in a row in a quiet spot.

Not long ago the papers reported that a Frilled Lizard from Australia had been found on one of the little railway lines which run from the docks—I expect it had come over in some goods where it had stowed itself; and I once found a most curious insect, like a gigantic hornet, which had been concealed in a huge bunch of bananas which had come from South America in the same way. Once, too, I saw a beautiful Bird-Wing butterfly flying about the docks, having hatched out in one of the warehouses after lying hidden like any other stowaway until the right time came. These foreign visitors look very much out of keeping with our climate, and probably do not live long. Thus, I once saw some bales from East Africa unpacked at the quays and they were full of a little, green, tropical beetle; but next day these all appeared sluggish, and the following day not one was alive, as far as I could see.

Many strange foreign things are brought into the docks almost every day. Now and then it is a load of beautiful ornamental woods from the East, and once a ship came in laden with spices from the Moluccas and they scented the air for a long way round for some days, making breathing a delight; and more than once I have picked up some valuable ivory nuts from South America which had fallen from one of the sacks or cases in which they had been brought to England; it is in this way that so many foreign plants take root here. And sometimes the holes in the sacks are made by rats which had bored into them for the sake of making their nests inside; and when the sacks are sewn up or the cases are repaired, it frequently happens that a whole family of rats is doomed to perish, for the mother can not get back to feed them. I saw a sack of rice opened one day which contained the dead bodies of a family of black rats, for these, the indigenous

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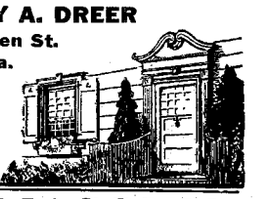

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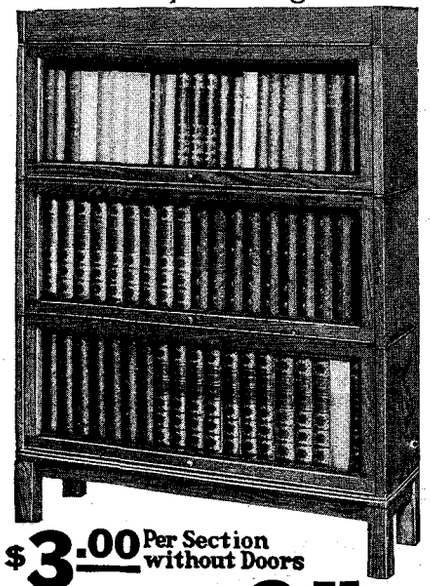

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rats of England, are fairly common still in the docks, tho gradually being exterminated by the brown or Hanoverian rat.

In order to cope with the rats, cats were introduced into the docks long ago by the Port of London Authority, and by this time they must be considered as part of the "wild life" there, for they belong to no one and keep themselves. They produce their kittens beneath some pile of old timber, of which there is much lying about the docks, and have grown so numerous now that they are becoming a pest. Added to which they have so few enemies to fear—dogs not being admitted except in rare instances—that they do not trouble to get out of the way for anything, nor will they take the trouble to climb up the trees or palisade if danger threatens. Indeed, I have seen one cut in two by a passing train, since they will not even get out of the way of these; still, upon the whole they lead a care-free life.

I saw a very pretty sight one day. A vessel came in from South America and berthed at the "New Dock," that is, the one built out near the river with a great stretch of green land in front, and here a great number of foreign birds were landed, many of them so tame that they were not confined but were climbing about among the men; some of them were being sold cheaply by the crew, and you could see lories and parrots of many kinds, as well as other species, fluttering about among the English foliage. It was a sunny summer day, and the effect of the brilliant plumage of the birds was very striking.

Once, too, I saw a number of animals intended for the Zoo being landed, and the elephant was swung far above the water in a sling, while a camel made much more fuss, and both then walked through the streets on their way to their new quarters.

From a South American ship also two curious animals escaped and wandered about the enclosure for some days before being captured. They looked like gigantic guinea-pigs rooting about among the grasses and reeds, and seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, but they were ultimately caught and restored to their owner.

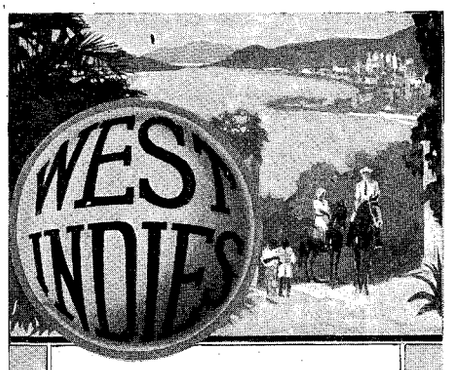
But among the natives must be reckoned the hedgehogs which, with the rabbits, must have been enclosed when the palisade was put up, for neither could get in now; and these can often be seen at dusk coming out of their seclusion and hunting for insects or snails and adding a touch of real country near the heart of a great city; and indeed when the sun is setting and its red light is reflected on the quiet ponds in their fringes of reeds, it is difficult to believe that just beyond the great barrier live millions of human beings, so peaceful is the scene which no sound disturbs except for the birds singing their evening songs.

The House that Jack Built.—There were two negresses living on "Jeems" Island (South Carolina), and one evening Diana, who lived up-stairs, upon hearing a noise, said: "Who dat?"

Nan, who lived down-stairs, said: "Who dat da say 'who dat?'"

Diana replied: "Who dat da say 'who dat' when I say who dat?"—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The Ubiquitous Gum.—Removes chewing-gum from carpets, rugs, clothing, shoes, floors, etc.—*From a cleaning fluid card in a Long Island train.*



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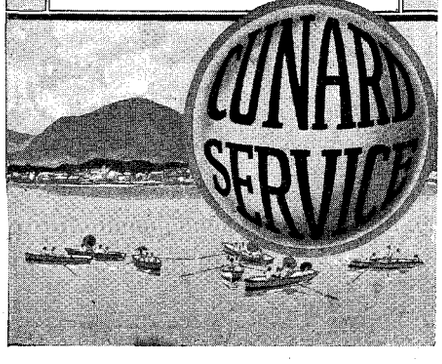

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE MELLON PLAN FOR SETTLING GERMAN WAR CLAIMS

A $250,000,000 bond issue to help pay alien property claims and *Lusitania* damages among counter-claims, is proposed by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. "Mr. Mellon Sees Straight," according to the New Haven *Journal-Courier;* but the Brooklyn *Citizen* characterizes the plan as "The Mellon Gift to Germany." Approvingly the New York *Sun* takes up "Mr. Mellon's Way Out," telling us, "it's very simple if you know, as Mr. Mellon knows, how to break a financial deadlock"; the New York *Times*, on the other hand, at once criticized it as "A Questionable Policy" of exchanging security for American claims, and follows that up by objecting to this entangling "scheme for Underwriting Germany" in a roundabout payment of reparations and war debts to the United States. Press comment forecasts sharp differences of opinion as the Mellon plan comes before Congress for action. The New York *Sun* thus simplifies Mr. Mellon's pointing of the way out of a financial tangle:

Germany owes to Americans large sums awarded by the Mixed Claims Commission, as in the *Lusitania* case. The United States holds much property of German nationals, seized in war time and held as security for German debts to America and Americans. The only provision for the payment of the American claims is the allotment of $23,000,000 a year under the Dawes plan. As matters have stood, the grandchildren of the American claimants and of the Germans whose properties were seized appeared to have a chance of complete recompense.

Mr. Mellon's short way out is an issue of $250,000,000 of bonds. He would sell enough of these to the Alien Property Custodian, who has large quantities of German nationals' cash, to provide for the settlement of the American claims that are under $10,000. Larger claims would be paid in bonds. The German properties now held as security would be returned to their owners. Awards made to Germans for the use of their ships, radio and patents would be settled in bonds. And the bonds eventually would be retired by German payments under the Dawes plan.

Mr. Mellon is proposing to use past claims already allowed to the Government to settle new ones to private citizens, explains the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which suggests that it is a pity that the purpose is obscured by such a multiplicity of exchanges of obligations. The main point of interest, we read, is that:

American claimants are assured of payments on their claims, no matter whether Germany is able to fulfil her obligations or not. Technically the bonds which the larger claimants (including some Germans) will receive represent a capitalization of the sums due the United States from the Dawes plan annuities. This means, in any case, that our Government will forego the reimbursement of its own occupation costs and special claims and assign its right to private citizens. The Government is prepared to go farther than this, however, since by guaranteeing the bonds that it is proposed to issue on the strength of the Dawes plan payment, it follows that if Germany is unable to make payment in full, as is very likely, the United States would pay the bill.

The two leading financial features of the plan the Baltimore *Sun* figures out as follows:

One is the abandonment of our bill against Germany for some $310,000,000, composed of two items—about $240,000,000 for the expense of the American Army on the Rhine, and $70,000,000 of other government claims. The second part of the Mellon program is the issue of $250,000,000 in bonds, to be ultimately paid by German reparations under the Dawes plan, but guaranteed by the United States Government. Thus, in any event, we mark off over $300,000,000 of Germany's indebtedness to us, and stand to pay $250,000,000 more if the Dawes plan should fail to work out.

The policy may be both wise and generous, continues the Baltimore paper; to withdraw the thorny bill for army occupation might make Germany more willing and more able to meet the bond issue.

But if we do that for Germany, the former enemy, why should we not show similar generosity to our former allies with regard to their debts? That is a question which they will think, if they do not ask out loud, and which our own people will surely put to our Government.

In line with this comment the New York *Times* insists that "the strongest objection is not financial," but has to do with "our ultimate connection with the whole question of German reparations":

This was tacitly admitted at the White House. A "spokesman" for the President said that the project was deliberately made easy for Germany, so that no new financial strain should prevent her from making her contractual reparations payments to the Allies. It was innocently added that this money would then be passed on to us in liquidation of Europe's war debts to America. There you have it! The United States is in the way of becoming the chief beneficiary of German reparations. By so much, therefore, this country will figure in a short time as almost the sole creditor of Germany, forced to put the screws on her to make her pay up. If anybody likes that prospect, then he likes a prospect of interminable confusion, misunderstanding, friction, ill-will and the worst kind of foreign entanglements. Yet the Mellon proposals are said to be pro-German! They would prove in execution almost worse for Germany than they would be for the United States.

While many papers stop short of un-

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qualified approval and emphasize the need of convincing discussion of the Mellon plan before Congress adopts it, they welcome features of it. "On the whole," concludes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the plan involving concessions on both sides is nevertheless based on the bed-rock principles of justice and common sense." The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* finds generosity to our own citizens in giving their private claims priority to government claims and "extreme generosity" toward Germany:

Such a gesture of confidence makes for international friendship. In addition it enables the United States to relinquish a course of action forced on it by the exigencies of the World War, but repugnant to its general tradition of exempting from seizure the private property of citizens of an enemy country.

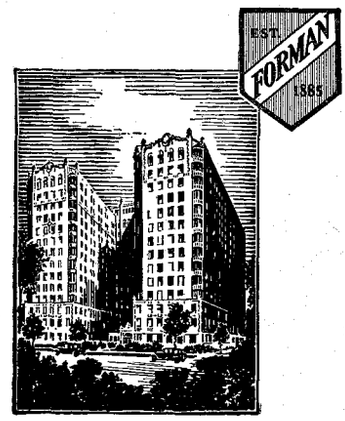
Yet the New Haven *Register* and other journals see in the plan chiefly the prospect that the United States, "or rather the American people," in the last analysis will be paying the German bills. And the Brooklyn *Citizen* voices the suggestion by several Washington correspondents that there is "a suspicion in political quarters that the Administration's generous treatment of Germany is a bid for the German vote in the next Presidential campaign."

A WORD OF WARNING TO COUNTRY BANKERS

OUR national transformation from the status of a debtor nation to that of the premier creditor nation of the world holds a special significance to the independent bankers of our small cities and country towns, declares George Woodruff, Vice-Chairman of the National Bank of the Republic in Chicago. In order to meet the competition of the great city banks and their branches, they must be able to supply their customers with equally good information about world business conditions. As we are reminded by this banker in a leading article in the current *American Bankers Association Journal* (New York):

There was a time when the country banker in Pleasantview, Iowa, or Spruce Center, Idaho, could content himself with understanding business conditions in the United States and leave the problems of the rest of the world to the international bankers of New York or Chicago. But that time is very rapidly passing for the reason that individual Americans are now interesting themselves in foreign securities, foreign trade and foreign problems and, if the local bank is to render the service expected of it, the cashier of the bank in Pleasantview and the cashier of the bank in Spruce Center must be ready to give their customers the information and service they desire.

When about 44,000 persons, with an average investment of $3,660 each, subscribed to the last Japanese loan, it is obvious to Mr. Woodruff that the individual American is beginning to think and act in terms of world finance. Now the



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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increasing complications in our banking business—complications that result partly from our growing importance from a creditor nation—point toward more consolidations and a greater development of branch-banking. Mr. Woodruff thinks that:

American banks should combat this tendency through the development of greater cooperation among the banks themselves. It is the one successful antidote for branch-banking. Competing banks should join together as partners in the further development of their communities, for only through cooperation will they be able to offer the type of banking service that will be necessary in building up the typical American community of the future.

There is no good reason why the smaller banks of the country can not through close cooperation, develop services that will enable them to defeat the need for branch-banking. There are many difficulties ahead that the individual bank will find it hard to meet, but if all the banks in a community "club together" they will find it a fairly easy matter to take care of the somewhat intricate banking practises that will arise as America gets more and more into the middle of the economic stream of world affairs.

The day will come—indeed it is fast approaching—when nearly every country bank will be an information bureau covering conditions throughout the world. It will have to be able to give its customers accurate information about foreign securities; it will have to be posted on business conditions in Poland, in Roumania, in the Argentine, in Australia and in China and Japan. It will have to be well informed on foreign exchange. It will have to know exactly why Kansas wheat is likely to suffer a drop in price because of the exceptionally favorable weather in Russia or Roumania. It will have to be posted as to the rubber-growing conditions in Brazil and the silk production of China and Japan.

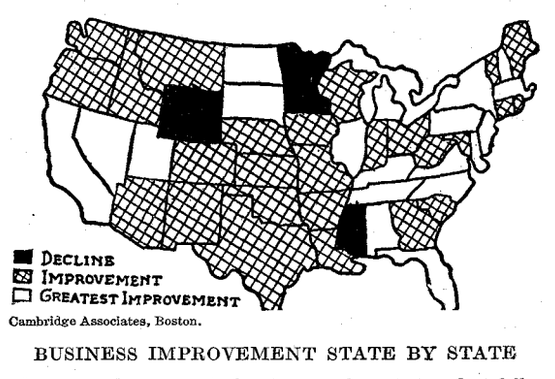
If the smaller independent bankers fail to keep pace with the evolution that is going on, "they will find Mrs. Brown of Pleasantview and Mr. Smith of Spruce Center turning more and more to the larger financial institutions for the assistance and service they seek." As the Chicago banker concludes:

In the field of merchandizing it was the failure of the local merchant to supply the goods and service that his customers demanded—his failure to keep pace with the growth of the nation as a whole—that opened the door to the mail-order house and the chain-store systems.

The same handwriting is on the wall today in the field of banking. And the way to meet it is for the bankers in the smaller cities and towns to discontinue the practise of tending only to their own knitting and instead to learn to cooperate with each other that they may be in position to render the various types of service that our changed economic conditions will demand.

WHERE PROSPERITY HAS BEEN ADVANCING FASTEST

THE general increase in business activity all over the country has been analyzed on a State-by-State basis by the Cambridge Associates of Boston. They discovered that during the fall banking figures were showing that in nineteen States business activity was more than 15 per cent. greater than in 1924; that in twenty-six other States there were evidences of milder advances; while in only three States the final analysis of banking reports showed that business was distinctly slower than it was in October of last year. The greatest increases reported in November by the Cambridge Associates were for the most part in States east of the Mississippi, the percentages being: New Hampshire, 25 per cent.; Massachusetts, 28 per cent., New York, 22 per cent.; New Jersey, 18 per cent.; Pennsylvania, 16 per cent., Delaware, 17 per cent.; Virginia, 16 per cent.; North Carolina, 17 per cent.; Florida, 25 per cent.; Alabama, 17 per cent.; Tennessee, 16 per cent.; Kentucky, 39 per cent.; Illinois, 16 per cent.; Michigan, 30 per cent.; North Dakota, 16 per cent.; South Dakota, 16 per cent.; Utah, 20 per cent.; Nevada, 22 per cent.; and California, 17 per cent.



BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT STATE BY STATE

Showing where activity has increased most since last fall.

It will be noted, incidentally, that among the States showing autumnal improvement is Texas. Readers may remember that in the October *Nation's Business* map, reprinted in THE DIGEST of November 7, the largest black spot showing quiet business conditions covered the central portion of Texas.

This, it seems, was due to a serious drought during the summer, but the region has now recovered and later maps issued by the same authority indicate that conditions are better in this section. The Houston Chamber of Commerce points out that the "quietness" of the drought region did not have any apparent effect on the business activities in that city. Attention is called in particular to the fact that up to the end of October this year Houston received more cotton than any other port in the United States. Great activity in building and shipping is also reported from the Texas city.

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AUSTRALIA'S ECONOMIC REVOLUTION

EVEN Australia, which in many ways has been "the last frontier" and is generally thought of as a characteristically agricultural country, is becoming industrialized, and in Australia, as F. R. Eldridge writes in *Commerce Reports*, economic shifts move with unusual rapidity. Australia presents itself to our minds as a land of grazing sheep and cattle, a producer of wool and meat. But it seems that "the pastoral industry which played such an important part in the country's pioneer efforts, and which, until a few years ago, occupied first place in the Commonwealth's activities, now stands third in importance, having been superseded by both agriculture and manufacture," according to a survey recently completed by the Commonwealth's statistician and summarized by the Commerce Department expert. Indeed, we are told that "the pastoral industry is being pushed for third place by the barnyard and dairying industry." It seems that:

The survey also shows that the number of persons employed in rural industries in 1924 was only slightly greater than the number employed in secondary or manufacturing industries, thus indicating a definite move in the direction of industrialization.

This shift no doubt is due to the fact that Australia's new citizenry is recruited largely from the urban centers of England, and upon reaching the Commonwealth it gradually and naturally gravitates toward commercial centers where employment is found in factories and workshops.

The number of persons employed in rural occupations during the decade preceding 1924 declined from 474,626 to 458,420, while the number occupied in secondary industries increased from 331,728 to 429,990. Notwithstanding a decline in the number of persons employed in agriculture, the total value of agricultural production increased over this period from £50,951,000 to £61,927,000—both based on 1911 prices—and the value per head of population from £10 8s. 3d. to £10 15s. 5d. Pastoral production during the ten years preceding 1924 declined in value from £53,032,000 to £40,157,000, and output per head of population from £10 16s. 9d. to £6 19s. 9d. In this industry the conclusion may be drawn that the encroachment of agriculture is bringing about a diminishing return to the pastoralists.

Barnyard and dairy production has increased from £20,000,000 in 1914 to £23,927,000 in 1924, and the production per head of population from £4 1s. 9d. to £4 3s. 3d.

In manufacturing industries the value added to materials increased from a total of £53,835,000 in 1914 to £70,383,000 in 1924 and the output per head of population from £10 16s. 6d. to £12 4s. 9d. The relative position of manufacturing in 1914 and 1924 was as follows:

Position of manufacturing in Australia

Items	*1914*	*1924*
Salaries and wages	£ 34,103,703	£ 77,278,265
Light and fuel	3,309,921	10,296,440
Materials used	99,789,064	197,038,726
Value of output	166,450,503	348,577,583
Value added to materials	63,351,523	141,242,417
Value of output per employee	502	811
Value of land and building	39,352,432	82,562,061
Value of plants and machinery	41,154,389	99,552,539

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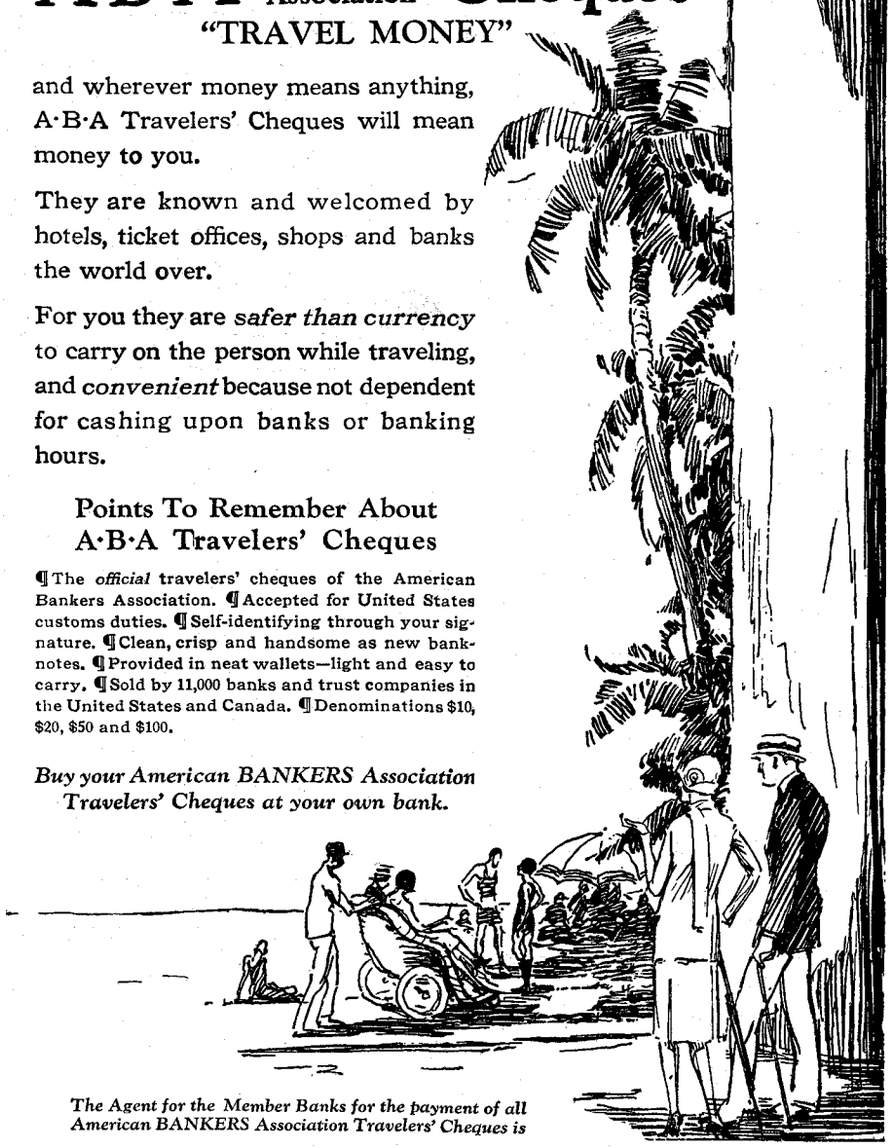

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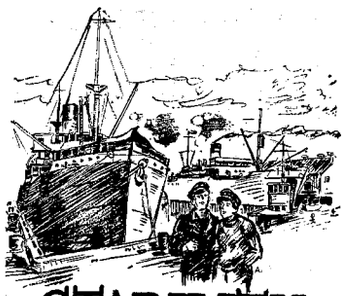

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 16.—Sir Samuel Hoare, Air Secretary, announces in a speech in London that Great Britain, as a result of the Locarno Treaty, is prepared to retard to some extent its program for air defense.

Premier Aristide Briand appoints Senator Paul Doumer Minister of Finance to succeed Louis Loucheur, who had resigned.

December 17.—Stanislaw Steiger, a Jewish student charged with having attempted to assassinate President Wojoiechowski of Poland, is acquitted, following a confession of another man, that he had attempted the crime.

Americans sold to Russia in 1925 three times as much as in the pre-Soviet days, leading all competitors, says a dispatch from Moscow. The total American imports into Russia during 1925 are valued at $102,000,000.

Japanese troops have virtually taken over control of Mukden and prohibited any fighting between the Chinese factional groups within six miles of the Japanese railway from Chang-chun to Dalny, says a London dispatch.

At a public consistory in the basilica of St. Peter's, Pope Pius XI confers the red hat on cardinals created at the consistory on March 30, and in the secret consistory of December 14—Eustachio Ilundain y Esteban, Bishop of Seville; Vincenzo Casnova y Marzol, Archbishop of Granada; Alessandro Verde, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites; Enrico Gasparri, former Apostolic Nuncio in Brazil, and Patrick O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh.

December 18.—Reports from Syria received in Cairo say that fierce fighting has been going on for three days in the vicinity of Damascus between the French and Druses.

December 19.—Premier Mussolini, in accordance with an agreement with King Victor Emmanuel, intends to proclaim Italy an empire, according to a dispatch received from London.

December 20.—The French Chamber of Deputies approves the Government's Syrian policy by a vote of 300 to 29.

King Ali of the Hedjaz abdicates, following the collapse of the defenses of Jeddah, which has been taken by Ibn Saoud, Sultan of Nedj, who previously had forced the abdication of King Hussein, father of King Ali.

December 21.—After the entire Labor party representation walks out of the House of Commons in protest against accepting the League of Nations Council's Mosul decision, the House approves the Government's Mosul policy in principle by a vote of 239 to 4.

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the noted Indian scientist, states that he has discovered that plants have hearts, with pulsating activities, and that the hearts are sensitive both to poison and artificial stimulants.

DOMESTIC

December 16.—Senator Reed of Missouri introduces a resolution to have the Foreign Relations Committee investigate whether foreign Governments or foreign persons or interests have spent money to influence action in any manner affecting the foreign policies or relations of the United States.

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